

ARL POULETT CHOPS WOOD FOR A "DOSS."

AL GOVERN-
STATEMENT:
rever the
PASTEUR
(hamburger)
FILTER
Applied Typhoid
disappeared.

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST,
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

WEEKLY

"NO BETTER FOOD"
DR. ANDREW WILSON,
F.R.S.E., etc.

FRY'S

PURE
CONCENTRATED
COCOA

Lavishly endowed with
all those properties so
essential to the
port, building up
and strengthening of
the system.

300
GOLD MEDALS, &c.

No. 667.] WEEK ENDING APRIL 30, 1908. ENTERED AT STATIONERS HALL. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

GOLD PLATE COMPETITION.

Messrs. GALLANER Limited, Dublin, Glasgow, London, Liverpool, Manchester, Hull, &c., have the pleasure to announce that the winners in their Gold Plate Cigarette and Gold Plate Navy Cut Tobacco Competition for the week ending April 6th, are as follows:

1st Prize, 50s. F. J. Jones, 100, Park Road, Bridge Lane, Penarth.
2nd Prize, 25s. J. J. Jones, 100, Park Road, Bridge Lane, Penarth.
3rd Prize, 10s. J. J. Jones, 100, Park Road, Bridge Lane, Penarth.
4th Prize, 5s. J. J. Jones, 100, Park Road, Bridge Lane, Penarth.

These Competitions will be continued weekly until November 15th, and will terminate with a big final competition for very valuable prizes. Full particulars will be found in every packet of Gold Plate Cigarettes, 10 for 2d. (medium strength, 10 for 2d.), and every tin of Gold Plate Navy Cut Tobacco (mild, 10s.; 2d.; 3d.; 4d.; 5d.; 6d.; 7d.; 8d.; 9d.; 10d.; 11d.; 12d.; 13d.; 14d.; 15d.; 16d.; 17d.; 18d.; 19d.; 20d.; 21d.; 22d.; 23d.; 24d.; 25d.; 26d.; 27d.; 28d.; 29d.; 30d.; 31d.; 32d.; 33d.; 34d.; 35d.; 36d.; 37d.; 38d.; 39d.; 40d.; 41d.; 42d.; 43d.; 44d.; 45d.; 46d.; 47d.; 48d.; 49d.; 50d.; 51d.; 52d.; 53d.; 54d.; 55d.; 56d.; 57d.; 58d.; 59d.; 60d.; 61d.; 62d.; 63d.; 64d.; 65d.; 66d.; 67d.; 68d.; 69d.; 70d.; 71d.; 72d.; 73d.; 74d.; 75d.; 76d.; 77d.; 78d.; 79d.; 80d.; 81d.; 82d.; 83d.; 84d.; 85d.; 86d.; 87d.; 88d.; 89d.; 90d.; 91d.; 92d.; 93d.; 94d.; 95d.; 96d.; 97d.; 98d.; 99d.; 100d.; 101d.; 102d.; 103d.; 104d.; 105d.; 106d.; 107d.; 108d.; 109d.; 110d.; 111d.; 112d.; 113d.; 114d.; 115d.; 116d.; 117d.; 118d.; 119d.; 120d.; 121d.; 122d.; 123d.; 124d.; 125d.; 126d.; 127d.; 128d.; 129d.; 130d.; 131d.; 132d.; 133d.; 134d.; 135d.; 136d.; 137d.; 138d.; 139d.; 140d.; 141d.; 142d.; 143d.; 144d.; 145d.; 146d.; 147d.; 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YOU CAN ENTER "SHORT STORIES" COMPETITION TO-DAY. GOLD AND GRAMOPHONES ARE GIVEN AWAY.

All readers who have Bradshaw's Index should use it by entering the competition just started in SHORT STORIES.

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

WEEKLY.

A really splendid competition has just started in SHORT STORIES. You really must enter it.

No. 667.

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK EYES.

WEEK ENDING APRIL 30, 1903.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

ONE PENNY.

COULDN'T STAND RAGS.

ONE of our leading generals, on his return from South Africa, brought with him a flag all tattered and torn and riddled with bullets, which he had captured from the enemy, and which he showed with pride to his family and household.

Next morning this trophy was to be presented to the Commander-in-Chief. When he came to look for the flag it was missing.

"Where is my flag?" he cried in consternation.

"What has become of it?"

His housekeeper brought it to him with a smile of proud satisfaction.

"I sat up all night and mended it, and now it looks nearly as good as new," she said.

JONES: "It's a mistake to judge a man by his clothes."

Mrs. Jones: "That's so; he ought to be judged by his wife's clothes."

Mrs. ASKITT: "I understand your son is an artist. Does he paint landscapes?"

Mrs. Rafferty: "Faith, an' he do not. He paints fair-ehscapes."

TASS: "Oh yes, I feel pretty sure of him. I rejected him when he proposed first because I was positive he'd try again."

JESS: "And you were right. He did try again, and I accepted him."

THAT WAS CERTAIN.

THE two youngsters were neighbours. The one owned a mischievous fox terrier, the other a cat. A day or two ago the owner of the dog came over the wall with a sad countenance, and after some desultory conversation said:

"You know my dog Floss and your cat Joey?"

"Yes."

"Well, my dog had a piece of meat, and he thought your cat was going to take it away from him."

"Thought!" exclaimed the other. "What makes you say that the dog thought? You know dogs don't think, they instinct."

"Anyhow," said the owner of the dog, "I don't care whether he thought it or whether he merely instinct it; but, anyhow, he killed your cat."

"Now," said Mrs. Bridely, "just as soon as we get a good cook, dear, I am going to give a dinner." "All right," replied her husband quickly; "I'll come."

SMALL BOY: "I want to get a bale of hay."

Dealer: "What do you want with hay? Is it for your father?"

Small Boy: "No, sir; it's for our horse."

MOTHER (angrily): "Did he dare kiss you more than once?"

Daughter (evasively): "Well, mamma, I know it wasn't less than once."

WHY HIS FACE WOULD TURN RED.

THE following amusing conversation recently took place between the head-master of a Board school and one of his classes, from which he was endeavouring to elicit the meaning of the word "conscience."

"Now, boys," said the genial old master, "supposing one of you stole a piece of sugar from the basin and popped it in your mouth, and mother came in, what would happen?"

Small boy: "Get a tannin', sir."

"Yes, I suppose so. But your face would become red, wouldn't it?"

Chorus: "Yes, sir."

"And what is it that makes your face turn red?" queried the master, thinking he had gained his point. But the small boy answered with a solemn look:

"Tryin' to swallow the sugar quick, sir."

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THE TELLING OF THE STORY.

He was standing alone in the shadow,
When she passed down the stair that night,
All alone with his thoughts in the silence,
Away from the fire's soft light.

And never a greeting he gave her,
Not a word from his lips there fell,
As she came to his side in the shadow—
Though he loved her so well, so well!

'Twas her wealth and his pride that were standing,
Like shadows their hearts between;
But she told him that night a story
Of a minstrel who loved a Queen;
But he trembled to speak his devotion,
And she dared her true love to own,
And for love of that minstrel lowly
Yielded kingdom and crown and throne!

He fain would have listened no longer,
Though he loved her so well, so well,
For he saw by her tears 'twas the story
Of her own heart she strove to tell!
Ah, but Love conquered pride—and for ever
From between them the shadows all passed,
That night as he finished the story,
And told her his true love at last!

HOSTESS: "I wonder why your little brother seems so restless and uncomfortable?"
Little Ethel: "I think it's 'cause his hands is clean."

"Give me your candid opinion of my painting," requested D'Auber.
"It's worthless," replied Cynicus.
"Yes; I know it's worthless, but let me have it, anyway."

"Yes," remarked the sad-looking stranger as he lined up in front of the bar, "I have seen the last of many a good man."

"Doctor or undertaker?" queried the man behind the white apron.

"Neither," replied he of the sad looks. "I'm a shoemaker."

HIS GREAT SCHEME.

"MARIA," he said, as he entered the house, speaking before his wife had time to say a word, "this house is in an awful condition."

"Why, Henry—" she began.

"Don't try to excuse yourself," he interrupted. "Look at this room! I was going to bring a friend home with me, but I refrained for fear that the house would be just in the condition that I find it in."

"If you had sent word, Henry."

"Sent word, Maria! Why should I have to send word? Why should anyone who claims to be a housekeeper have to be notified so that she can scurry about and make things look respectable? And that gown, Maria! It's outrageous to be dressed in that fashion at this time of day."

"I could have changed it—"

"Oh, of course. You could have done lots of things, but you didn't. You should be ready to entertain your husband's friends at any time. I suppose the dinner is cold, too."

"It's not so good as it was. You're late, you know."

"Of course; and if I had brought my friend with me he'd have had to sit down to a cold dinner or one that was burnt to a cinder, and we should have both felt humiliated and should have had to apologise. It isn't right, Maria! It isn't right at all."

"Really, Henry, I am sorry that you are so much annoyed."

"Well, I wish you would try to do a little better. It's very annoying, very annoying." And when he had settled himself in his armchair after dinner he chuckled to himself and muttered: "George! but I should have got a roasting for being late if I hadn't started in first. It's a great scheme."

A FREE WHEEL.

WHEN the free-wheel bicycle was first introduced a go-ahead tradesman secured one and displayed it in his window.

In order that there should be no mistake, the worthy tradesman had a card printed as follows: "Now on offer! Absolutely the latest! This is a free wheel!"

Shortly afterwards the tradesman awoke one morning to find that his shop had been broken into. The wonderful bicycle had disappeared, and the thief had added insult to injury by scribbling the following message on the back of the card:

"Have accepted your kind offer of a free wheel. Many thanks. I couldn't get one much cheaper. —Yours truly, A. SCOOTER."

"Isn't Timmins' wife angry because he bets on the races?"
"No; he won. But she's going to be angry if he does it again."

MISS ELDERLEIGH: "Don't you think there should be a tax on old bachelors?"

Mr. Wederly: "Certainly. I'd gladly pay for the privilege of being one."

SMITH: "It's a queer thing, old man, that nearly all the articles on 'How to Manage a Husband' are written by spinsters. Can you explain it?"

Browne: "That's simple enough. You see, no wife would care to give her little plan away."

WHILE THE CACTUS CRACKLED.

"My angel, my evening star, I can no longer bear to call you Miss Van Veber. The name feels stiff upon my lips. I long to pronounce the name by which I think of you in my dreams. May I not give myself the ineffable bliss, the coveted privilege, of calling you Gertrude?"

"You had better not," the maiden coolly replied.

"Ah! can lips so rosy and pure shape words so cruelly harsh? Whv, my peerless queen, may I not call you Gertrude?"

"Because Gertrude is the name of my sister," the maiden said.

And the young man's sighs caught in the leaves of a cactus plant and struggled frantically for freedom.

CALLER: "Isn't this your sister's birthday?"

Little Bessie: "Yeth, thir; but you muthn't athk me how old the ith, 'cauthe I promised not to tell."

WILLIE: "I say, father, what is an egotist?"

Father: "An egotist, my son, is a man who tells you those things about himself which you intended to tell him about yourself."

"Do you take this internally?" asked the customer, as he put the bottle in his pocket and took his change.

"Me?" said the chemist's new assistant.

"Great Scott, no! I sell it."

WHAT THEY SAID.

PENELOPE: "Charley called last night."

Justine: "That's twice in a week, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"I suppose he'll come three times in the next week?"

"That's what my brother says."

"And five times the next?"

"That's what my sister says."

"And six times the next?"

"That's what my aunty says."

"And seven times the next?"

"That's what papa says."

"And then what?"

"Then we'll get married; that's what everybody says."

"And then what?"

"Then I sha'n't see him any more of an evening; that's what mamma says."

SPLENDID NEW SERIES.



TINSEL TRIUMPHS.

. . The True Adventures of an Actress. . .

By BLANCHE EARDLEY.

I Enter my Profession.

As an orphan of nineteen, I was cast upon my own resources, so decided to go on to the stage to earn my living, and joined the Vice Triumphant Company at Spenny-on-the-Mud.

The other members of my company were Vera Styckton, leading lady; Dolly Allgrace, comedy "chambermaid," with whom I lodged; "Birdie," the heavy lady; and Lionel Dacre, leading man, who immediately paid unwelcome

attention to me.

I was quickly initiated into the ways of touring companies, and speedily made both friends and enemies. Among the latter was Vera Styckton, who was furious that I should have attracted Lionel's notice.

The company left Spenny-on-the-Mud for Coatbridge, where I took part in my first "on-the-night," having previously received a telegram from Wilfrid Hynes, a gentleman who had once helped me in a crowd when I had lost my purse, wishing me all success.

Our next performance was at Glasgow, and there I discovered, to my horror, that by repeating certain words upon the stage, I was, according to Scottish law, the wife of Lionel Dacre.

Leaving the Vice Triumphant Company to escape Dacre, Dolly and I came to the Theatre Royal, Anchester.

I Become Chorus Girl in a Pantomime.

DOLLY had taken her rooms in Booth Street, off Oxford Road, and the following morning I went with her to the Theatre Royal, to attend the call for eleven o'clock. She introduced me to the brisk little stage-manager as her "sister," and said she would be glad if he could put me in the chorus.

He looked me up and down with a keen business glance.

"Can you sing?" he asked, abruptly.

"A little," I answered, remembering Dolly's instructions. "Humph! Well, you'd better wait with the other girls who are going to have their voices tried presently, and then I shall be able to judge for myself."

Shall I ever forget that dreadful moment when, at a signal from the musical conductor, I stepped forward on to the stage alone, to give a sample of my voice? The back and sides of the vast stage were closely lined with waiting girls. Some boldly handsome, and flashily dressed, others painfully thin and shabby. All eyes were on me, and I distinctly heard one or two jeering laughs that brought a hot blush to my cheek.

"Now, dear," said the musical conductor, "what's your voice, contralto or soprano?"

"Soprano," I faltered, shaking all over with a deadly nervousness.

"Have you brought a song?"

"No," I said, "but I can go up a scale."

"That will do as well," he replied. "Now throw your chest out, and begin."

I opened my lips, but my voice was dumb, and my tongue clung to the roof of my mouth. I looked piteously at him, expecting to be told to stand back, but he only said—

"Never mind, try again!"

I did so, and went up the scale, then, after a moment's hesitation, came down it without any serious mishap.

"Thank you, a little more practice, and you will get on all right," he said, briskly. "Now, Miss Gorton, please," and a big, strapping girl took my place, and made the theatre ring with her strong, clear notes.

"Buck up," said Dolly, as I went up to her. "It wasn't half as bad as you imagined, although I can't prophesy that you'll ever be a Patti," she added, laughingly, "but I daresay you'll always be able to earn

thirty-five to forty shillings in the chorus.

All that day, and many long days afterwards, we spent in the theatre. There were calls for "principals," calls for chorus, for dancers, and the supernumeraries, and when each section was fully coached, we rehearsed together until there was no hitch on the part of the performers or orchestra.

I was one of six sopranos, and was kept so busy that I rarely had a chance of speaking to Dolly, who was the second "boy," except when we were at home, as we called our dingy lodging-house.

At one rehearsal, I was told, to my horror, that I was to be "a boy!"

"A boy!" I gasped. "But—but I would rather not. I have never worn a boy's dress, and I shouldn't like it."

I was laughed at, and told that my business was to do as I was ordered, or "leave the theatre."

"Why," said one of the girls, "it's a compliment to be told you're to be a boy, it shows they think a lot of your figure, although," she went on, eyeing my slender proportions critically, "I don't admire those long, scraggy figures myself."

But, after all, I did not don the apparel of a boy, for at the first dress rehearsal I was told to change places with a big, stout woman, and from that time I was a "girl," for which I was indeed grateful, although those in my dressing-room told me the management could not have thought so much about me after all, since I had "gone back to petticoats."

"You see, dear," said one of them, "we can't have everything. You have a pretty face, and a slim sort of figure, but your legs! My goodness!" and she began to laugh in a manner that made me flush with mortification.

Oh, those fearful dress rehearsals, lasting from early in the evening till five the following morning! Scene after scene taken, until the manager, stage-manager, and those that sat in the stalls were satisfied! No respect seemed to be felt for our sex, and, if a careless mistake occurred, the

poor culprit would be sworn at eloquently from the front. Only the "principals" were allowed a little license, although they were worked hard at their songs, dances, and "business," as hard as anyone else.

We girls, and there were hundreds of us, it seemed, were bullied, sworn at, and ordered about like so many cattle. My spirits sank to zero as I witnessed this phase of theatrical life, and I registered a vow never again to accept a pantomime engagement, however hard up I might be. Behind the scenes it was equally depressing. Some of the girls appeared to have disquipped with all their self-respect and womanhood, and their jests and coarse language, made me often put my fingers in my ears and wish I were back in Vice Triumphant Company, where at least there was some common regard for decency, and, outwardly, moral pretensions.

I dressed with eight other girls, and, with the exception of one called Lottie Gay, who was my right hand companion, they were nearly all women of doubtful reputation, who painted their faces and

made a jest of everything good and clean.

Afterwards I grew accustomed to meeting women from time to time whose views on life left a nasty taste in my mouth, and I accepted them as one of the many sides of my theatrical career, and, although I often touched "pitch," it never clung to me, except to make me more forbearing and lenient towards those atoms of human driftwood that floated in my vicinity, as I struggled through waters often muddy and dangerous.

I was sensible enough to keep my thoughts to myself, and, although never popular with my companions, on account of my refusing to drink with them whenever they asked me, or accepting their invitations, they left me alone. I was a standing jest in the dressing-room, and was nicknamed "Her Holiness" by the wag of the theatre.

"My dear girl," Dolly said, when I told her of my utter disgust and horror of my surroundings, "you must not expect to meet 'Lady Vere de Veres' in panto, with stained glass sort of reputations, because, if you do, your whole life in the profession will be a constant succession of disillusiones! Take people as you find them, dear, and don't go trying to fit keys into locked cupboards. We've all got a skeleton somewhere behind us, grinning and grimacing—some of them are tiny, harmless little things, and others, great black monsters. Even you," she continued calmly, "have a little secret you would rather bury in oblivion."

"Dolly!" I exclaimed. "How can you be so cruel? You know how I was victimised by that man."

Her eyes softened. "Of course, dear. But if you want to be popular in the profession, and popularity goes a long way towards success, you know, take my advice and accept the best of what is offered you in friendship. We are all 'ships that pass in the night,' and we might just as well greet each other cheerily and part gaily, than go sneaking round tale-bearing. As for those girls in your room, for instance, how do you know what has made them callous? Originally they might have been just as good as you are, but probably they were trapped as you nearly were, and, having no one to turn to, they just quietly went under!"

"Why, Dolly," I said, surprised at her earnestness; "you talk like a Salvation Army reformer."

"I don't care," she replied, reddening slightly; "I'm not preaching, and goodness knows, I'm no saint! But I know what it is to have to rely on one's own strength to get out of a pit, and I can feel a sort of fellow feeling for anyone who's come a cropper, and am

more sorry than disgusted."

Then she began to laugh. "That reminds me! I've made up a riddle! I wonder if you can guess the answer?"

"What is it?" I asked curiously.

"Who were the three wisest women in the world?"

I shook my head, puzzled.

"The three witches in Macbeth, because their maxim was, 'Seek to know no more.'"

Then she added, "And that is my advice to you, old girl, while you are in this profession."

I took her words to heart, and after that, I made no comments upon whatever struck me as being peculiar in the people with whom I came in contact.

After the first night of the pantomime, which was *Forty Thieves*, we were kept busy with matinées, only getting up in time to have a late breakfast at eleven, then off to the theatre, and between the performances snatching a hasty dinner at an adjacent restaurant, or having it sent in to the dressing room. Then, after eleven at night, returning home tired, to supper and bed, where we fell into a heavy sleep.

I had grown almost accustomed to my surroundings after the third week, and when Dolly, who had made a "hit" with her songs and dances, said:

"You've made another conquest, dear," I stared at her in wonder.

We happened to meet in the green room, just before the chorus went on for the grand finale, and there was a babel of voices going on around us. Dolly was resplendent in pale blue silk tights, a dark blue velvet coat braided with gold, and a jaunty blue and gold cap, with a dark blue feather in it, on her fluffy head, and she looked very pretty.

"Conquest!" I repeated after her. "What do you mean?"

"Only that your 'souful' eyes have ignited the flame in another impressionable heart," she laughed. "In the O. P. stage box, I have some friends, and they have invited me out to supper this evening, and asked me particularly to bring you with me, and that was before they knew you were my friend."

"But I can't go, Dolly," I said quickly. "For one thing, I shall be fearfully tired after the performance, and then I have nothing fit to go in."

"That's rubbish," she interrupted; "you'll be safe enough with me, and as for dress, I'll send my dresser into your room with a black lace blouse I have in my basket."

We then separated to go on for our different parts. As we trooped in, I had sufficient curiosity regarding my unknown hosts to glance quickly into the O. P. stage box. I saw two men leaning forward eagerly. One was fair, and looked commonplace. His prominent, pale grey eyes, and full, loose lips, gave him an appearance of bloated self-indulgence, and his large white hands were loaded with flashing rings. The other was dark, with a powerfully imperious face, but he had what his companion lacked, an ineffable air of good breeding, and I felt somehow, that he might break a woman's heart, but he could never commit a solecism. As I gazed, his eyes flashed into mine with a sudden audacity, that made me colour hotly under my grease paint, and I faltered in my singing.

"Look out," said the girl next to me. "Don't gaze at those two fellows so openly, or there'll be ructions."

"I don't know whom you mean!" I retorted under my breath. "I don't know anyone in front."

"No reason why you shouldn't make eyes!" she whispered under her breath, and, too disgusted to answer her, I was silent.

But when I came off into the wings, I was met by the stage manager, whom I had grown to dislike intensely. He was either rude and arbitrary, or insultingly familiar.

"You are fined ten shillings," Miss St. Lawrence," he said sharply; "for inattention to your duty."

"It's not true," I protested, but he only smiled disagreeably, and said:

"You can't make signs to friends in boxes and attend to your business as well."

When I came to Anchester, Dolly had suggested my changing my name in order to put Lionel Dacre off my track, so I had adopted the family name of my mother, and become "Blanche St. Lawrence," which also had the advantage of being more "catchy" as Dolly said.

When I had dressed, and put on the pretty black lace blouse, I hurried downstairs and waited in Dolly's room till she was ready, then, together, we went to the stage door, where two hansoms were standing, and I was introduced to the big fat man who was called Mr. Isaacs, and to his friend whose name was Paul Dean. Dolly and Mr. Isaacs drove off in the first hansom, and Mr. Dean and myself followed in the next.

At supper everything was gay, and the change from our dull rooms in Booth Street, to the brilliantly lighted restaurant made me feel almost sorry that I had not accepted some of the invitations I had received from the girls in the company. I noticed that Mr. Isaacs was most attentive to Dolly, and wondered whether she liked him. She was, for her type, strangely reticent about her admirers, and I was not surprised that I had not heard of Mr. Isaacs before.

"How do you like pantomime, Miss St. Lawrence?" asked Mr. Dean.

"I hate it," I answered vehemently. "It lowers and coarsens one's views of life, and knocks illusions on the head."

"Then why do you keep in it?" he said, looking at me curiously. "Surely a girl with your appearance need not be at a loss for something more congenial?"

I laughed. "Ah! a pretty face is a drop in the ocean without influence. That is a truism even I, with only three months' experience, have learnt!"

"Yes—but influence can be obtained—at a slight cost," he murmured softly. "That is the one law of life from which there is no getting away. For each advantage that you gain, you give something else! So is the balance of good and evil equally maintained."

"Is it?" I replied idly, not following his meaning; "I wish I knew what the cost was; if I could, I would pay it."

"You would?" and his eyes sought mine eagerly. "Then that is a bargain. I will keep you to your words one day."

We arrived home at about two in the morning, and I felt, in spite of being very tired and sleepy, a sense of exhilaration that I had not experienced since I started on my theatrical career; and mingling with that sensation of new hopes and aspiration was the dark face, and musical voice, of my new friend Paul Dean.

Down the Ladder Again.

My dream was soon dispelled, however, and once more during my brief theatrical experience, I learnt the bitter lesson of a broken trust. I quickly became aware, that, in spite of being taken out to dinners and suppers, and being made the recipient of various presents, that Paul Dean looked upon me as an amusing experience, and I provided him with a novel sensation in the form of a flirtation, to pass the time with a chorus girl.

The discovery was a humiliating one, more so because Dolly Allgrace announced her engagement to Mr. Isaacs.

"Do you love him?" I asked curiously.

She looked at me, then burst into a shrill laugh.

"My dear girl, when you've been in this profession as long as I have, you will know that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush! I can't afford to wait till I 'love,' or by that time I shall cease to be 'loved,' which is a much more serious matter."

After that I said no more, and, as quietly as I could, I gave Paul Dean to understand that I no longer required his attentions. He appeared rather taken aback at first, then took his comings with as good a grace as was possible under the circumstances, but I think he realised that he could no longer pose in my eyes as a knight errant, and I despised him as much as I had once admired him.

The end of the pantomime came at last and one dull day in late February I found myself again out of an engagement—I had saved a few—a very few pounds from my earnings in Anchester, and I hoped to obtain another "shop" as Dolly called it, before taking refuge in the small account I had left untouched in the Savings Bank.

I said good-bye to my comrades with a light heart. I had long forgotten their first jarring effect upon my nerves; for time, and custom, had made me callous to their garish faults, and lack of refinement, and I was genuinely sorry to say good-bye to a few.

Dolly went from the pantomime comedy, and we parted on the Sunday following the last night, to go to Dublin, where she rehearsed, a wanderer on life's highway. Dolly had given me her old lodgings, Woburn Place, and told me to take them if vacant on my arrival.

The following morning I began my experience, that of a daily sojourner in search of another engagement, really worth the trouble of calling on John A son, off St. Martin's in a street near the Strand; and as in their different waiting-rooms I was surrounded by men and girls in need; some talking and laughing, sitting, with mute, tired faces, through which the agent, or his thrush his head and call some of those heart-aching days in London, evidences of a crowded-out professional life, or the visionary beautiful, or the very seldom did I witness a case of itself, except in the case of quality out for rare "character parts."

After ten days of waiting, the my face, and one morning, it being empty, I was ushered into the He was a dark, brisk little man, an abrupt rude manner, that at a little. Afterwards, when I knew his manner was part of his rôle in the

to keep undesirable

"I can't waste my time in p from eleven to four I am obliged hundreds of men and girls, and I in my conversation."

In spite of his assertion, he was and, personally, I preferred his insolent compliments. He asked experience, and many more qu briefly, and then he looked me at air.

"If you can act as well as you something of you," he said musingly, and wrote down my name and address.

"Your name's pretty, too," he said, "you are a most charming little won't be long before you get a g

I thanked him, and walked to me.

"Not that door, dear, I always the door that opens on the stairs crush."

He came up, and put his arm on "Give me a kiss before you g rested on the knob of the door."

I had learnt from Dolly that it an agent like Anson by being t of pushing him aside, as I felt it light laugh.

"You must earn it first by g I replied, with an attempt at air nervousness.

He chuckled grimly.

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My method was wisdom perh serpent with which the isolated

obliged to hedge

After a time, Mr. Anson sent Strand, where a new play was bei to get a "walk on," and under guinea per week. There I learnt and although I never played my rehearsals, and altogether spent girls with whom I dressed were "walks on" for the fun of the with their friends and admirers.

But the end came all too soon, on my own resources, with no account at the Savings Bank nee

I could not live under twent room in Upper Woburn Place although more than I could aff the landlady kind.

Mr. Anson next got me into but that did not run long, and a that unless something turned penniless. I was already in de had pledged most of my bits of j

It was at this crisis in my care assailed me, pointing out a way relief from my pecuniary worri respect.

I happened to be walking along fruitless errand in search of an straight towards me, laughing man, I saw my old enemy, Dacre!

I glanced at him fearfully, af see me, and resume his old pers up in his companion, and I wa unobserved.

Dolly went from the pantomime into a touring musical comedy, and we parted on the platform at Anchester on the Sunday following the last night of the Pantomime. She went to Dublin, where she rehearsed, and I to London, a waif and a wanderer on life's highway.

Dolly had given me her old landlady's address in Upper Woburn Place, and told me to take her room, which I did, as I found it vacant on my arrival.

The following morning I began, what was to me a new experience, that of a daily sojourn to the various theatrical agents in search of another engagement. There were three really worth the trouble of calling upon, their names being John A. son, off St. Martin's Lane; Arthur Creswell, in a street near the Strand; and another in Wellington Street. In their different waiting-rooms I spent many weary hours, surrounded by men and girls in various stages of pecuniary need; some talking and laughing over old times, and others sitting, with mute, tired faces, their eyes fixed on the door through which the agent, or his clerk, would occasionally thrust his head and call some name other than theirs. Oh, those heart-aching days in London, spent among such living evidences of a crowded-out profession that only noticed the visionary beautiful, or the wealthily influential! Very, very seldom did I witness a case of talent being chosen for itself, except in the case of quaint "freaks," or those cut out for rare "character parts."

After ten days of waiting the agents began to recognise my face, and one morning, it being wet, and the room half empty, I was ushered into the private den of Mr. Anson. He was a dark, brisk little man, with piercing eyes, and an abrupt rude manner, that at first disconcerted me not a little. Afterwards, when I knew him well, I found that his manner was part of his rôle in the office.

to keep undesirable clients at bay.

"I can't waste my time in pleasant speeches," he said; "from eleven to four I am obliged to sort and choose among hundreds of men and girls, and I can't afford to be too sweet in my conversation."

In spite of his assertion, he was sometimes odiously familiar, and, personally, I preferred his abrupt monosyllables to his insolent compliments. He asked me what I had done, my experience, and many more questions, which I answered briefly, and then he looked me up and down with a calculating air.

"If you can act as well as you look, dear, I may make something of you," he said musingly. Then he took a pencil and wrote down my name and address in a big book.

"Your name's pretty, too," he said with a leer, "in fact you are a most charming little woman altogether, and it won't be long before you get a good engagement."

I thanked him, and walked to the door, but he stopped me.

"Not that door, dear, I always send my people out through the door that opens on the stairs. It saves getting into the crush."

He came up, and put his arm carelessly round my waist. "Give me a kiss before you go, dear!" His other hand rested on the knob of the door.

I had learnt from Dolly that it was a fatal policy to offend an agent like Anson by being too "squeamish," so, instead of pushing him aside, as I felt inclined, I drew back with a light laugh.

"You must earn it first by getting me an engagement," I replied, with an attempt at airiness that ill concealed my nervousness.

He chuckled grimly. "Wise girl not to give away too much! I will send for you the moment I hear of something likely to suit you. Ta-ta, dear—mind the step."

I then paid a flying visit to the other agents, whom I saw for a brief moment, and I was made the recipient of the same fulsome compliments, and insolent innuendoes, that I had received from Mr. Anson. But I had learnt in my pantomime experience to fight such men with their own weapons, and to parry a thrust with a laugh, or a smart retort, that amused and turned aside the ever-ready snub that lurked in the background of a momentary favour shown to the unwary.

My method was wisdom perhaps, but the wisdom of the serpent with which the isolated little struggler is perforce obliged to hedge herself round.

After a time, Mr. Anson sent me to a theatre in the Strand, where a new play was being produced, and I managed to get a "walk on," and understudy, at the salary of one guinea per week. There I learnt the meaning of good acting, and although I never played my understudy I enjoyed the rehearsals, and altogether spent a happy eight weeks. The girls with whom I dressed were nearly all ladies who got "walks on" for the fun of the thing, and filled the stalls with their friends and admirers.

But the end came all too soon, and once again I was thrown on my own resources, with no money saved up, and my account at the Savings Bank nearly gone.

I could not live under twenty-five shillings a week, my room in Upper Woburn Place being fifteen shillings, and, although more than I could afford, it was respectable, and the landlady kind.

Mr. Anson next got me into a sketch at a music-hall, but that did not run long, and at last I found to my horror, that unless something turned up soon, I should really be penniless. I was already in debt to Mrs. Slackman, and had pledged most of my bits of jewellery.

It was at this crisis in my career, that a terrible temptation assailed me, pointing out a way through which I could obtain relief from my pecuniary worries at some cost to my self-respect.

I happened to be walking along the Strand after a wearying, fruitless errand in search of an engagement, when, coming straight towards me, laughing and talking with another man, I saw my old enemy, and pseudo-husband, Lionel Dacre!

I glanced at him fearfully, afraid lest he should suddenly see me, and resume his old persecution. But he was wrapped up in his companion, and I was able to watch him keenly unobserved.

He had evidently returned from America, and, judging from appearances, was prosperous, and on very good terms, both with the world and himself.

I thought somewhat bitterly of the contrast in our positions. He had gained in his profession, gone a step higher, socially and personally, for I noticed that he was smartly dressed, and no longer affected the semi-theatrical style of the old *Vice Triumphant* days; while I, shabby, thin, and friendless, had sunk several degrees down the theatrical scale since we had parted on that memorable night. I wondered vaguely whether he had married Miss Styekton, or—and I laughed, a little amused, as I thought that even he, the man I had spurned, would pass me over in silent contempt, did he notice my hollow eyes and sunken cheeks.

Then a thought struck me. If I went to him he would be sure to help me, for to bring me to his feet would be a triumph, and, in the pleasure of his triumph, his victory would make him kind to the woman who had flattered his self-love.

I had started forward, and half-exclaimed his name, when my attention was attracted by a "block" in the street. A man was leaning out of a hansom expostulating with his driver. His face was turned towards me, only for a moment, then the hansom was whirled on in the tide of traffic, but in that brief moment I thought I had recognised the face of the man from whom I had received the only disinterested kindness in my life; the man who had found my purse and bag, at Brighton, and remembered me on my first appearance on the stage. The man closely resembled Wilfrid Hyne! As my thoughts carried me back to the memory of his courteous and kindly ways, the idea of appealing to Lionel Dacre for help, was distasteful, and I fell back, wondering idly whether I should ever meet Wilfrid Hyne again, and if so, would he know me, Blanche St. Lawrence, as the same Blanche Eardley to whom he had shown

such generosity nearly a year ago?

Then I remembered the card which he had inclosed in my bag with his address, in case I should one day need a friend!

And surely, if ever a girl was in desperate straits, I was! I would go back to my room and look for his card, then write at once. I was not afraid of either insult or rudeness from him, for experience had taught me to distinguish between the man who was my friend, and the man who was my enemy. My adventures with Lionel Dacre and Paul Dean had opened my eyes effectually. I was glad that a kind accident had intervened with my intention to appeal to Lionel Dacre, and was struck with the coincidence that the fatal error had been averted by the passing glimpse of another man's face!

I reached my room, and hurriedly went through all my possessions with care and anxiety, but was obliged to give up the search, and own, with bitter regret, that it was useless. The card had evidently been lost, and I was further off than ever from any chance of again seeing Mr. Hyne. While I sat disconsolately putting my basket in order, Edith, the servant, knocked at the door, and walked in with a telegram.

"This 'as just come," she said. "Any answer?" I opened it with a beating heart, afraid almost to hope, so nearly had despair clutched me! It was briefly expressed, but to me the sweetest words I had seen for a long time.

"Call here, eleven, Wednesday. See manager. Good tour.—Anson."

"Thank goodness!" I cried, jumping up, fears of relief in my eyes. "There's no answer, Edith!"

The slow, north country girl grinned at me sympathetically. "Spose you're off on another tour!" she said, pronouncing that word to rhyme with "floor."

I laughed gaily. Luckily I had a chameleon-like nature, and, if cast down in the depths by misfortune one moment, a glimpse of hope would send my spirits soaring once more into roseate clouds!

Vive l'espérance! was my motto.

The following day being Wednesday, I donned my only pretty dress and hat for the occasion, knowing how first appearances weighed with managers, who thought that a slovenly actress would be careless in her work. A quarter of an hour I waited patiently; the room was full of overflowing, as nearly everyone had been on the "books" to be interviewed by Mr. Harcourt, the big potentate of theatrical tours, and I began to fear some other girl would be chosen, and I would be sent away after all.

At half-past eleven I happened to catch Mr. Anson's eye as he bustled in and out of his different offices besieged by a host of girls at each appearance.

"Ah, sha'n't be long, dear!" he said. "Don't go," and he then slammed the door in the faces of his persistent clients, and the murmur of conversation waxed loud and furious.

I was a stranger to them, and Mr. Anson's speech had the effect of attracting attention to me, and a few ill-concealed personal remarks that did not tend to raise my spirits.

Suddenly the door opened, and the office-boy—a youth with a blaze of red hair—called out shrilly:

"Miss St. Lawrence, please!"

Trembling, I passed the wooden barrier, and was ushered into the dreaded presence of the touring magnate.

He was pompous and inclined to be domineering, but Mr. Anson said a few words about me in a low tone that made him regard me more graciously.

"And your salary?" he asked suavely.

I looked at Mr. Anson, and he answered promptly for me.

"Three pounds, isn't it, dear?"

Gratefully I acquiesced, and then after a few other questions regarding the rehearsals, and dresses, which were to be found, as it was to be a costume play, I went out, Mr. Anson telling me to return that afternoon to sign my contract.

(Another long instalment next week.)

Tom: "Why were you so determined to kiss that plain cousin of yours?"

Dick: "I wanted to establish a precedent. She has two very pretty sisters, you know."

MARRIAGES MADE BY MUSIC.

It is often a Big Factor in Matters Matrimonial.

FROM time immemorial music has been esteemed the most poetic, as it is also the most subtle, means of conveying the emotions of the heart. It is difficult to imagine the man or woman who is not susceptible to the influence of melodious sounds, the power of music to elevate or depress, to enliven or subdue, being practically universal.

In the history of harmony, not the least remarkable reality has been the close association of music and love. Many a lover has poured forth the passion of his soul in melting song, full many a maiden fair has replied in similar strain, and hearts which, lacking the golden bridge of music, might have remained forever mute and distant, have by its aid become happily united.

Though the day of the serenade is past and gone, there is no doubt as to the value of music at the present time as a social diversion facilitating introductions and the mingling of the sexes resulting occasionally in matches matrimonial.

One such instance occurred not long since in the case of a young man who had been engaged to sing at the house of a lady of title. After having once heard the pure tenor voice possessed by the vocalist in question, her ladyship took great pains to secure the attendance of the talented artist at each subsequent *soirée* which she held at her house.

The singer soon got on terms of friendship with both host and hostess, who were not remarkable for that aloofness and chilling hauteur which is generally characteristic of the British aristocracy in their relations with the professional classes.

Unfortunately for domestic peace, however, their admiration for the young tenor was also shared, and to a much greater extent, by their eldest daughter, who became infatuated with the singer even more than with his songs. The result was seen a few months later in a runaway marriage between the pair, which the hoodwinked parents have not yet forgotten or forgiven.

A strange coincidence occurred a few years ago, which led to a brief but sufficiently long courtship, for it ended at the altar in the orthodox way.

A gentleman had happened to attend a musical entertainment in a small provincial hall, where he was considerably impressed by the performance of a lady violinist.

By the merest chance he noticed her name, which appeared on the programme, to be identical with that of a friend who had died some years previously.

Being struck with the name, which, though possessed of a not uncommon sound when pronounced, was spelt in a rather peculiar manner, he resolved to investigate. His inquiries proved the correctness of his suspicions, for, at an interview to which he was admitted, the lady acknowledged herself to be the daughter of his old friend.

Being an impressionable man and of a romantic turn of mind, on learning of her distaste for the roving life inseparable from her profession, the impulsive bachelor at once made an offer of marriage; and, although he was not rewarded with an immediate acceptance, the wedding took place at the conclusion of the tour which completed the fair musician's list of professional engagements.

The little son of a Welsh miner attracted the attention of a lady of independent means some years ago by reason of the precocious talent which he evinced in a musical direction. His father had taught him all he knew, but neither father nor son was satisfied with this no small modicum of skill.

At this juncture, when through lack of funds the boy's musical training seemed likely to for ever remain at a standstill, the lady in question came to the rescue.

She not only furnished means for the further development of his natural genius, but also provided liberally for the improvement of his general education.

The young protégé, on his part, acquitted himself so creditably, and advanced to such a degree in the good graces of his kind patroness, that, although his senior by some ten or twelve years, she offered to marry him.

Needless, perhaps, to say, the lowly-born lad, who thanks to the bounty of his benefactress had become an accomplished man, needed no second invitation, and, despite the disparity in years and birth, made her a model partner.

A young man who had fallen in love with a fair soprano at a choral class found the singing of a solo the easiest mode of making his passion known. It so happened that the words of the solo which had been assigned to him were peculiarly suitable for a declaration of love, and made an admirable form of proposal.

With the ingenuity of a lover, the amateur vocalist, at the first favourable opportunity, lightly hummed the words of his part to the lady of his choice, and she by a happy chance was enabled to reply with appropriate words in a similar manner. The result was an ardent courtship which ended in the most suitable way possible—that was, by a choral service at the altar.

"The Confessions of a Self-Made Girl" is the title of an intensely interesting series now running in SHORT STORIES. One penny every Tuesday.

QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING

Half-a-crown is paid for every Question used, and two guineas a column for Replies.

REPLIES.

WHIP-DOG DAY.

What was Whip-dog Day? (6585.)

According to some old authorities this name was given in bygone days to October 18th, the festival of St. Luke. The story goes that a priest, when celebrating Mass in one of the churches of York, dropped the pax, and that this sacred metal plate was snatched and carried off by a dog. An order was given, in consequence of this desecration, that all dogs found thenceforth in the streets of the city on that day should be driven off with whips.

Others allege that on Whitsun Tuesday a dog seized the consecrated wafer at the Church of St. Crux, York, and that Whip-ma-Whop-ma-Gate in that city derives its name from this outrage.

Special officers, who were called dog-whippers, or dog-nopers, were formerly employed to prevent the intrusion of dogs into consecrated buildings. Nash, in his "Pierce Penniless," 1592, refers to "the Dog-whipper in St. Paul's in his unsavory visitation overie Saturday."

Similar old customs have been observed in Hull, and in several other British towns, even within recent memory.

EARTHQUAKE GOWNS.

What were Earthquake Gowns? (6516.)

Many earthquake shocks were felt in 1750. One occurred on February 8th, and another on March 8th. Not much damage was done, but the occasion was improved by various divines, including Dr. Sherlock, then Bishop of London, who, seconded by a trooper of Lord Delawar's, prophesied that a terrible earthquake would shake the city on April 8th. Two or three days before that date the trooper was sent to Bedlam, but London was panic-stricken.

The roads leading out of town were thronged, and at Windsor lodgings were almost unprocurable, so many were the fugitives. Some courageous ladies remained at home, but not wishing to be buried in the ruins of their houses, made themselves quilted gowns, in order to sit more safely out of doors. These were known as "earthquake gowns."

Lady Catherine Pelham and others went to an inn, ten miles from London, to play "brag" until five o'clock in the morning, intending then to return to town—Horace Walpole supposes—to look for the bones of their husbands and families among the general wreck of houses.

THE FURY OF RELIGIOUS WAR.

Why have Wars of Religion Usually been more Sanguinary than Others? (6517.)

A conflict involving civil questions only is always capable of being ended by a peace which, however unsatisfactory it may be to one side or the other, is at least a definite settlement, for the time being, of the issues in dispute. A religious war can have no such consummation, for there is not a single instance on record where a conqueror successfully imposed his own creed upon a beaten foe, save by a process which practically amounted to extirpation. The conquests of

Mahomet and his immediate successors are examples in point.

In political and temporal matters men will reconcile themselves to the inevitable, and accept conditions, but where they hold that their individual and eternal welfare is concerned, they are seldom, if ever, prepared to yield in matters of conscience to the dictation of superior force. It is the fanaticism which is the outcome of this tendency that causes religious wars to be waged, as they always are, to the bitter end, with such sanguinary fury, and establishes the delusion that the desired end justifies the means.

THE YOUNGEST CARDINAL.

Who was the Youngest Cardinal of Modern Times? (6592.)

There is no record in recent years of the appointment of a cardinal at so early an age as in past centuries, when, generally by the favouritism of the Pope, boys were made cardinals while they were yet in their teens. Thus Luigi di Borbone, when but eight years of age, was created Cardinal and Archbishop of Toledo by Clement XII. A son of this archbishop was made a cardinal by Pius VII. in 1823, when only twenty-three years of age, and he seems to have been the youngest cardinal of modern times.

Coming to still later days, in 1877, Cardinal Schwarzenburg, Archbishop of Prague, was appointed cardinal in 1842, when only thirty-three. After him comes Cardinal Patrizi, Dean of the Sacred College in 1877, a cardinal at thirty-six; then Lucian Bonaparte, a cardinal at forty. The present Pope, Leo XIII., was Cardinal Pecci at forty-three.

The most extreme instance of a boy cardinal was due to the action of Leo X., who raised Alfred of Portugal to this dignity when he was but seven, on condition that he did not assume his rights for seven years.

HAIRS UPON HORSES' LIPS.

Do the Hairs on Horses' Lips Serve any Purpose? (6516.)

The fine hairs about the mouth of the horse are organs of touch of extreme delicacy. They serve, to a certain extent, the same purpose as our finger-ends, the whiskers of the cat, or the trunk of the elephant.

Sensitiveness is due to specially developed endings of nerves in the skin, which are continually sending messages to the brain.

The lip hairs of the horse first receive the stimulus, which is communicated to the end-organs, and so passes on to the brain. They come into play when the horse samples a new article of food. He first smells it, and, having so far satisfied himself, touches it delicately with those sensitive hairs. The upper lip moves softly in quick sympathy, and confirms the opinion suggested by the hairs. The tongue judges finally as to the fitness of the food.

When the horse wishes to drink, these hairs assure him that the water is free from foreign matter on the surface, for he drinks from the surface only. They detect the smallest particle of dirt, and guide him to the purest place.

These natural protectors are also of value to save him from risk of injury in crowded traffic.

TALKING FISH.

Is it True that Fishes Emit Sounds which are Said to be Understood by their Fellows? (6514.)

Matthias Dunn, a Cornish fishing expert, gives it as his opinion that fishes emit sounds which are understood by their fellows. This seems to be an astonishing theory, but it has been confirmed by Professor Kolliker, of the Naples Aquarium, who was let down in a diving suit to the bottom of the Mediterranean in an iron cage lit up by electricity.

With the aid of a powerful receiver and a specially constructed phonograph, he has registered the expressions of surprise with which the fish greeted him.

He noted that the sounds made by the various fish differ greatly; and he has summed up the results of

his experiment by expressing a clear conviction that these sounds have their significance.

It is a matter of common knowledge among anglers that tench, when taken from the hook, frequently squeak in a way that is unpleasantly suggestive of their discomfort.

Darwin, too, seems to have thought that some fish attract their consorts by sounds that are understood.

TROUT ARE CAUGHT WITH A HAMMER.

Is it Possible to Catch Trout with a Sledge Hammer? (6511.)

Armed with a sledge-hammer of from five to seven pounds in weight, and with boots off and trousers turned up to the knee, the poacher enters a clear pool in which fish are known to lie. The trout, alarmed, take refuge under the first stone or rock available.

This is the man's opportunity. Selecting the most promising stones, or "hoovers" (as they are called in Devonshire), he strikes these with his weapon, and any fish that are underneath immediately rise stunne to the surface, and are speedily transferred to his capacious pockets.

If only a light blow is struck, after a short time the fish regain the use of their organs, and in this case it would appear that the concussion causes only a temporary paralysis of the nerve centres which control the muscles.

If, however, a heavy blow is given, it ruptures the air vessel which runs parallel with and close up against the spine, by contracting and distending which the fish controls its depth in the water, and then it never recovers.

THE OLDEST JOKE.

Which is the Oldest Joke? (6509.)

It will be difficult to discover an older practical joke than that of the coppersmith and the maker of brazen images for the temple of Osiris, which is embodied in Egyptian inscriptions dating from the reign of Menes, founder of Memphis, who ruled over 7,000 years ago.

According to ancient records there dwelt, between these two craftsmen, a quiet man whose desire was for peace, and who was sadly disturbed by the noisy occupations carried on by his busy neighbours. He therefore asked each of them to say for what sum they would change their dwellings. This they did; each calculated the amount required, and he, being satisfied, paid it over to them.

"Now," he asked of the coppersmith, "where is your new dwelling?" "I have taken that of the maker of images," was the reply. "And you?" queried the quiet man of the latter, "whither goest thou?" "To the house of the coppersmith!"

This is one of many tales, told in all ages, which are woven into myth and legend, and differ only in local colour.

THE OLDEST TREE.

What is the Oldest Tree in the World? (6515.)

The cypress of Soma, in Lombardy, is said to be the oldest tree in the world of which there is authentic record. It is supposed to have been planted in the year of the birth of Christ, but the Abbé Belize tells us that there is a chronicle at Milan which speaks of it as a grown tree in the time of Julius Cæsar.

A rival to this is the eucalyptus, or gum tree, near the foot of Mount Wellington in Tasmania, which is 250 feet high, and fully thirty feet in diameter.

A gigantic trunk in the province of Oaxaca, in Mexico, measures 200 feet in circumference at its base, and according to an average rate of growth its age would exceed 3,000 years.

Cypress trees in parts of America are very long-lived; by counting the concentric rings where they have been sawn through it has been estimated that 1,000 years is no uncommon period of growth with them.

Many other examples have been quoted of veteran trees which grow in California, Ceylon, and elsewhere, and some British oaks and yews are of extreme old age.

QUESTIONS.

6541. Which animal digests the most rapidly?
6542. Will salt water fish live in fresh water, and vice versa?
6543. What union of nations has proved most beneficial to the world at large?
6544. Why is it that there are so few valuable plants found wild in savage countries?
6545. Which animal has changed least since prehistoric times?
6546. Which invention did most to change the distribution of wealth among modern nations?
6547. Where did etiquette require nobles to appear before their sovereign meekly clad?
6548. Are meteoric showers difficult to predict?
6549. Which country was thrown into mourning for a ruler who was still alive?
6550. In which sport did profess'orials first appear?

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print a selection of replies to each question, and shall pay at the rate of 25 sh. a column for all matter printed. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries, whether his own or not. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Monday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given where possible. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

FIRST ACTRESS: "I wish I had money enough to be charitable."

Second Actress: "What would you do?"

First Actress: "Refuse young Goldoigh."

GLADYB: "I was so happy over Jack's letter. I fairly hugged myself."

May: "Well, I was happier than you. Reggie called on me, and he did the hugging."

BING: "Yes; that's old Spriggins. Half a dozen doctors have given him up at various times during his life."

Wing: "What was the trouble with him?"

Bing: "He wouldn't pay his bills."

BOXING INSTRUCTOR: "What! No more lessons? Why, you only took two!"

Amateur (much the worse for wear): "You see, I wanted to take sufficient instruction so that I could learn enough about the manly art to lick a man. I've changed my mind now. I think I'll send the fellow down to take the rest of the lessons."

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EARL POULETT CHOPS WOOD FOR A DOSS.

He is "Rescued" by the Church Army and Given a Lodging in Exchange for Wood Chopping.

"I WANT you, Earl Poulett," said the Editor the second day of my journalistic career, "to put on your oldest clothes and at ten o'clock to-night take a seat on the Embankment. I have heard that certain charities send persons there to rescue men in a destitute condition, and wish to know just what is likely to happen to such a man."

Just after the hour mentioned I seated myself within a stone's throw of the Houses of Parliament. I had on a very old overcoat with faded velvet collar and cuffs; streaks of yellow on the garment revealed that it was no stranger to the casual ward, where the fumigating process soon discolours a garment. Round my neck was a ragged muffler, on my head a peaked cap. Carriages passed to and fro, probably in connection with that Legislature of whose Upper House I should at this moment be an occupant. Almost before a policeman could come and move me on, a man of very much my own appearance ambled up and sat down at the end of the seat. He looked

like a broken-down labourer.

"Matey," he said, pulling out a clay pipe filled with a black mixture, "can yer give us a light?"

I gave him a match, and he drew up closer to me. Could the poor fellow think that I looked able to help him? I had not provided myself with even a copper. But instead he seemed curious about my own case. He said:

"What are you doing here, mate? Broken-down, I s'pose. Looks as if yer had seen better days."

I smiled grimly, and, pointing to the Clock Tower, said:

"I was just thinking over old days—and looking at the House of Lords—how much I should like to be there."

He little knew, I suppose, that he was addressing one who should be sitting there that day.

"Where will you sleep to-night?" he asked.

"Don't know. Suppose I'll have to look round."

Then the man made an extraordinary remark.

"Supposing I was to give you a bed and some supper to-night, would you do a bit of work for it? Say wood-chopping, for instance?"

I at once said I would, and the man pulled out a ticket and gave it to me.

It read:

CHURCH ARMY

59 Milbank Street,

No. 31.

He directed me to turn down by the House of Lords and keep on until I reached a building in the same street, near the Lambeth Bridge. I wandered about for half an hour till I came to the building, which I entered by a dark court, and asked for the Captain.

In a few moments who should appear at the door but the very man who had met me on the Embankment, dressed in a dark braided uniform.

"So you've come," he said. "Well, I'm only too glad to see you. Go in and get your supper. You'll find some companions there."

At wooden tables sat some twenty men, dressed very much as I myself was. I was surprised to see so many thoroughly respectable men. I could detect few signs on their faces of careers otherwise than creditable. If there was a dominant look, it was one of

sadness—verging, perhaps, on despair.

There was an angry look, as of men worsted in a struggle after a stiff fight. All appeared to be enjoying the soup and bread ravenously. A man opposite me swallowed his as though he were gratifying a passion. I watched the poor fellow, and when nobody was looking made a sign to him that if he liked he could have half of mine. I believe it was against the regulations, but when the cook was not looking I poured out some of my soup into his mug. He glanced at me and said:

"Why, it's the 'Vis.' Don't you remember me, Sam Grant?"

I have a splendid memory for faces, and recalled that seven years ago, while playing my organ in Greek Street, Soho, this man had begged me to lend him half a crown to get his tools out of pawn. It was no unusual thing for me to be asked, and I always helped a man when it was possible. I had given him the money, and, muttering innumerable blessings, he had sworn to repay me.

"I owe you half a crown," he now said. "You want it. You shall have it to-morrow, and three more besides. To-morrow," he said, "I'll give you half a sovereign."

"Nonsense," I said, "you have not got it." "Haven't I," he said, "well, ask the Captain if he has not got five pounds of mine in his possession."

"Then why are you sleeping here?" I asked. "Because it suits me," he answered. "I've got money, and could have more, but I can't keep it. Years ago I was in this home, and went out selling wood. Between you and me, I didn't turn up again, but took the money. Six months later a hand was laid on my shoulder and I saw the Captain. I thought he was going to lock me up, but when I heard he would not do so, I said: 'You're a right good sort. Here, take this,' and I gave him five pounds I had received from America, and asked him to take me back to the Home, and hold it in trust for me."

After supper a man came in and told us it was bath time. Every man has to take a bath. I had to lay my clothes in a heap on the floor, whence they would be taken to be fumigated. Then came an odd instruction:

"Put your valuables in your boots." A grim smile went round. What valuables could men in our position have? But one poor fellow took the remark seriously. He carefully pulled out of his pockets a tobacco tin, in which, besides some tobacco, he had carefully stored one button and a collar stud. To this he added a black piece of metal, which might once have been a table-knife. It was, he said, for scraping palings, his trade being that of a painter. This was

all he had in the world.

After my hot bath, I was given a white night-shirt, and told to go upstairs to bed. Instead of the bunk I had expected, I was given a bedroom by myself overlooking the river.

No talking is allowed in the dormitory, but feeling very weary, I waived my desire to know more about my fellow sleepers till next morning, when we should meet each other to do that threatened wood-chopping.

At six a bell was rung, and, opening the door, I found my rags of clothes outside waiting for me. They looked none the worse for their fumigation. But instead of my old and torn socks, I found a brand new pair of woollen ones. I asked the officer why I had been given these. He replied:

"You're welcome, but we should like it if you did another half an hour's wood-chopping in exchange."

This I at once agreed to do. I was then told that for a shirt it is usual for a man to work for three hours. A week's work will bring him in a new suit of clothes, as well as his food and lodgings.

Inmates are given wood-chopping to do, because it is supposed to be the easiest form of unskilled labour. The men work in a room overlooking the Thames. Some chop the wood into sticks, others turn a saw, cutting planks into blocks, while the third group are engaged in gathering the sticks into bundles and tying them up.

My first experience of chopping wood into sticks was a lesson to me. Even this simple task requires a certain amount of skill. I worked at it in a crude way for half an hour. The task before me was to chop enough to fill three baskets. In the time mentioned I had scarcely chopped enough to fill half of one. My wrist being weak, I found the hatchet difficult to work. Then a man came up and said:

"You'd beter go on to tying."

It'll suit you better."

So leaving the chopping to more skilled hands, I went over to the tying department. I had to pick out enough sticks to make a bundle. These I had to shake up into a circular bunch, squeeze them tightly by means of a rope and a bar of iron, and then tie them. Even doing up those bundles required a certain knowledge. Each one I tied was rejected as too loose. I had it explained to me how to tighten them, after which I got to work in a way which was, they said, quite exceptionally satisfactory.

As I tied my bundles, I noticed a tall, finely-built man of about thirty-six. He had a handsome face, with a black moustache, and a refined look. After looking at me for a minute or two, he said:

"Aren't you Viscount Hinton?"

I told him that I used to be, but now claimed a higher honour—the Poulett earldom.

"Well," he said, "fifteen years ago I gave you sixpence in Regent Street. Seems odd, doesn't it, but I was then a smart young fellow about town. I had a good position in a City bank, and could throw money about when I wanted to. Now—" And, waving his hand, he gave a cynical sneer.

Another sad story of the results of drink.

As I slipped out quietly after finishing my bundles, a coin was thrust into my hand—half a sovereign. Sam Grant had been as good as his word, and the excellent charity which had sheltered us both is now richer by that sum.

"Bless makes it a rule never to give his seat in a crowded car to a young woman."

"How about the elderly ones?"

"Oh, he's too polite to intimate that any woman is elderly."

DOES RED HAIR MAKE YOU ANGRY?

Trifles about a Personality which Make you Lose your Temper.

SURPRISINGLY trivial, apparently, are the causes of anger in many persons. A physical defect or peculiarity usually leads to sympathy or good-natured banter; we scarcely expect that it will make people get out of temper, yet it often does.

If you see a man with red hair or bad teeth, do you get out of temper? In a recent investigation into the circumstances that make people become angry, quite a number of persons frankly admitted that such things as those, and many others of equally slight character, such as an ugly scar or a cast in the eye, provoke anger within their breasts.

This seemingly absurd irritability over so small a matter can be better understood by recollecting how a grating laugh will annoy us. That laugh, occurring at intervals, so gets on our nerves that we are unable to endure it, and we become angry at it—either secretly or openly, according to the strength or position of the other man.

In the same way, a physical defect or a disagreeable habit so offends another of our senses—sight—that certain people cannot restrain their annoyance. Constant repetition of the unpleasant appearance acts on the nerves through the eyes, just as it does through the ears in the other case.

A slovenly manner of eating at table, and the continual use of a certain word or expression, are among the slight causes of anger. In one case, a man admitted getting into a violent rage because he met a workman with one eye at a certain street corner every morning on his way to the office. He began to look for that man and to dread seeing him, as the poor fellow was disfigured, and at last he roundly abused the workman for always getting in his way.

It was not till he had given vent to his feelings that he changed his own route; it had occurred to him to do this before, but he did not see why he should be obliged to put himself out.

The manner in which anger affects people is also curious. The usual expression of the feeling is reddening and making a noise, but the reverse holds good in many instances. Some grow pale instead of red, while others cannot speak above a whisper—the sensation reduces the power of speech.

It is not unusual to find people unable to speak, because they are choked by rage; but those who speak in whispers do not experience the choking sensation. They are doing their best to rave, and think they are shouting; but the sound is low, almost inaudible. Their condition is totally different from the man who nearly explodes with rage, for which he cannot find words.

Some angry persons experience a sensation of nausea, in others the sight and hearing both fail to a great extent, although they do not feel very excited.

The means adopted for putting an end to an outburst, both in children and adults, are often as simple as the cause of their rage. To suddenly hold a mirror in front of the enraged party's face, allowing him to catch sight of his distorted physiognomy, frequently has a tranquillising effect.

A joke, not at his expense, or a remark of his own wittily turned on some unoffending object, will often serve to show him how absurd is his behaviour, and will calm him at once. The recital of two or three appropriate lines, full of dignity and gentleness, from the works of a well-known book may tend to pacify the angry one.

Anger is seldom dignified in its expression, and, as no one cares to appear ridiculous, the effect of these appropriate quotations is occasionally magical.

Anger belongs rather to the savage than to the civilised state, and the higher the culture the less anger should there be. The very word "gentleman" is instructive in this respect.

A GREAT NEW COMPETITION

Will be starting in a few weeks! If you saw such an announcement in a paper you would eagerly watch for the appearance of the competition, hoping that it would be one for which you could enter with the hope of winning a prize. Much more important than competitions is the knowledge of what sort of a person you yourself are, whether naturally of a nice or unpleasant disposition; whether naturally kind-hearted and generous, or cruel and mean, and many other points. This you can decide by getting a delineation of your character and studying it well. Knowledge of this sort is very useful, and anyone who desires to obtain it should at once send a specimen of their handwriting, together with six penny stamps and a stamped addressed envelope, to RANEE, 32 Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., in return for which they will receive accurate delineations of their characters.



Like a Jehu.

Two city Jehus were playing at cards the other day, and one of them won 16s. on the "nod." The creditor remarked, "I think 16s. is too much for you to owe me, so you had better pay up now, or if you come outside and stand drinks I will cry quits." "Na, na," said the loser, "I'll rather owe the 16s."

From the Depths of the Sea.

Fishermen near Salona, Greece, have found in the sea a large, ancient statue of a man, which is still fairly well preserved.

Banjo and Bones Among Lions.

Two mining students at Camborne, Cornwall, have won gold medals at a circus by giving a banjo and bones dust inside a cage of lions.

Turf as Engine Fuel.

Owing to the high price of British coal, the Swedish Government is extending largely the use of turf as fuel for its goods locomotives on State railways.

To End a Row.

Charged at Selby, Yorks, with setting his chimney on fire, a man said he smashed up the furniture and put it on the fire with paraffin oil, hoping to frighten his wife and end a row.

Precious Nest-eggs.

Diamonds valued at £400 have been discovered in a rat's nest at Ashtabula, Ohio. The gems had been left in a chamotte-leather bag, and the rats, annexing the latter for their house-building, took the diamonds too.

Population's Increase.

In the last thirty years the population of Germany has increased 40 per cent.; Great Britain has increased 30 per cent.; that of France, 2 per cent.; that of the United States, 100 per cent.

Padding in Railway Carriages.

During a storm on Lough Owl, Westmeath, which at one point is crossed by the railway, the waves washed over a train and flooded the carriages so that the passengers had to finish their journey standing on the seats.

Prickly Pests.

The State of Maine, U.S.A., is suffering from an invasion of porcupines, which have caused more damage to the timber than a generation of forest fires. They came to Maine thirty years ago, and have been increasing at an amazing rate ever since.

A Motoring Dog.

A dog was seen in the streets of Paris the other day riding on a motor-car, wearing a pair of chauffeur's goggles to protect his eyes from the dust and wind. The intelligent animal appeared to appreciate the attention of which he was the object.

Lady Warders for Prisons.

The Rumanian Minister of the Interior has recently decided to place prisons for women entirely under the management of women. A beginning is to be made with the prison at Plataraeshi, and a feminine staff has been selected. The members are all women highly educated.

Feeding Students on Cream Puffs.

The male students of the Syracuse High School have struck against the diet supplied them. They assert that "chocolate eclairs and cream puffs are not the food for athletic students to live upon." Carrying buckets and banners, and headed by a band, they have paraded the town and demonstrated in the quadrangle of their school.

Stone Slabs for Money.

The representative of a hardware firm, seeking the other day to establish a trading connection in Yap, one of the islands in the Caroline group, found himself unable to trade owing to the extraordinary currency of the natives. The only money they use is a huge flint or limestone slab, varying from the size of a dinner-plate to that of a cart-wheel.

The Artist's Revenge.

A Chinese story tells how a very stingy man took a paltry sum of money to an artist—who always exacted payment in advance—and asked him to paint his portrait. The artist at once complied with the request, but, when the portrait was finished, nothing was visible save the back of the sitter's head. "What does this mean?" cried the sitter indignantly. "Well," replied the artist, "I thought a man who paid so little as you did wouldn't care to show his face!"

A Bullet in His Heart.

The surgeons at Leipzig hospital have been treating a young man who was brought to them with a bullet in his heart. The bullet, however, caused no bleeding, and did not injure the heart in a vital part, for, after twelve hours the patient recovered and remained well for three weeks. Then dangerous symptoms appeared, and an examination with Röntgen rays showed that the bullet was being tossed about inside the heart like a ball bouncing off the sides of a room. After six months, however, the bullet became embedded firmly in the flesh of the heart, and once settled in an immovable position the patient's condition rapidly improved for the better. The young man has now left the hospital, and the doctors believe that the bullet in his heart will give him no further trouble.

The Sun's Birthday.

This year, according to Sir Robert Ball, the sun celebrates its 100,000,000th birthday.

An Old Stager.

There is still sailing between Kirkcaldy and Denmark a fine old fore-and-aft schooner which made her first trip over 117 years ago.

Monte Cristo's Chateau.

The famous Chateau d'If, near Marseilles, the scene of Dumas' *Monte Cristo*, has been let for twenty-one months to a sea-captain for £200.

No More Toy Pistols.

Under a new Bill just presented to Parliament no pistol, not even a toy pistol, is to be carried or even bought without a gun or game license.

The Crusade Against Sparrows.

An individual "bag" of 1,408 sparrows won the prize offered by the Sparrow-killing Club of farmers at Campea Ash, Suffolk, to members for the best "kill."

Brewer's Dray as Hearse.

In accordance with his own desire, a man who had been a brewer's drayman at Scarborough for over forty years was borne to his grave on the dray he used to drive.

Marvellous Quickfiring.

The Cleveland machine-gun, firing twenty-five one-pound projectiles at one pull of the trigger, weighs 450 lbs., and fires 800 shots in a minute without heating the barrel.

Working at 102.

There is still working for his living at Dunblane, on the famous Allan Water, Perthshire, a shepherd named Grieve, who is 102 years of age. His father died at 102, his mother at ninety.

Sledging on Mud.

Floods in Texas have filled all the highways with mud-deposits, and made traffic by wheeled vehicles impossible. The Cornican farmers have got over the difficulty by sledging over the mud.

A Hissing Brigade.

M. Berenger told the French Senate recently that he intended to organize a hissing brigade, to drive certain French plays from the stage. Censorship at present, he said, was absolutely illusory.

When Milkmen Don't Drink Milk.

"Sundays and Mondays are the days on which milkmen get drunk," said one of them in a recent case at Norwich. "Sundays because it is rest day, Mondays because they look on that day as unlucky."

A Cow Plays Football.

While some boys were playing football at Ringland, Norfolk, a cow joined them, and after watching for a few moments tossed one of the lads, a son of the Rev. G. Sage, Baptist minister, injuring him severely.

Killed by Crows.

A horse confined in a small inclosure at Hayton, U.S.A., was attacked by a flock of crows which settled upon every available portion of the animal and pecked it to death. Scarcity of food probably drove the birds to desperation.

Better than a Black List.

The proprietor of a beer tavern in Berlin has a large signboard before his door bearing the inscription: "Any one who gets drunk in my tavern can, if he desires it, be conducted home safely by one of my menservants free of charge."

Army without Handkerchiefs.

The Minister for War has just discovered that only one man in a thousand in the Russian Army possesses a pocket-handkerchief. He has in consequence invited tenders for 500,000 handkerchiefs, which will be decorated with Russian flags and other patriotic devices.

Thought He Was at the Tiller.

Driving through a narrow street in Brighton, a 'busman upset an old salt's barrow of shrimps. The merchant poured out the vials of his wrath upon the conductor. "What's the use of talkin' to me?" cried the conductor; "I ain't drivin', you silly ole bloater." "No," replied the salt, "but you're steering, ain't yer?"

Sells His Skin for a Living.

Thomas Rusli, of Staten Island, U.S.A., claims to be the only man in the world who sells his skin for a living. Rusli, who was formerly a mechanic, one day saw an advertisement asking for a healthy subject who would consent to sell a portion of skin to be grafted on to the face of a rich child who had been burnt severely. He got £200 for his trouble, and has since been in hospitals in all parts of the States on similar missions.

Wanted It Substantial.

At a certain chapel near Seaham Harbour a ham tea was being given by the minister to some miners who were members of his flock. The men came in straight from their work, with appetites—well, as only miners can have. The minister at the end of one of the tables was cutting ham in nice, thin slices. This, however, did not suit some of the miners, for one of them was heard to remark in a loud whisper to his neighbour, "Bill, till him to cut me a piece that winna bend."

A Clean Town.

The town of Brook, in the Netherlands, attains the distinction of being one of the neatest towns in the world, and no municipal expense is spared to uphold that honour. The 2,700 inhabitants are so strongly bound by municipal rule that to throw a piece of paper or waste of any kind in the public street entails a 25 cent fine, and it is only recently that horses have been allowed in the streets. Once a year every house is visited by the town cleaners, who scrub it from top to bottom, inside and out, without any expense to the tenants.

The Tell Tale Tongue.

Called to settle whether a man was sober, a doctor at King's Heath, Birmingham, asked him to say "Our British Constitution." "Our brittle consolation" was the best the man could do; so he was fined.

A Scottish Custom.

In a breach of promise action at Aberdeen witnesses stated that it was a local custom for the feet of the bride and bridegroom to be washed by their young men and women friends on the eve of the wedding.

One Situation for 104 Years.

The oldest negro in Louisiana has just died, leaving a remarkable record. Born in 1799, he served as slave and freeman to the McCall family of New Orleans all his life. His one situation lasted him 104 years.

Electric Charwomen.

"An electrical charwoman" is the latest household novelty reported from America. Brushes and driers are connected with a motor, and on touching a button the "charwoman" starts scrubbing the floor.

Summoned for Carrying an Umbrella.

For walking up one of Birmingham's main streets carrying an umbrella measuring six feet across, and declining to close the huge mushroom-like covering at the request of a constable, the owner has been summoned to appear at the police-court on the charge of obstruction.

Conversion by Cash.

Having failed by all other means to attract children to the services at Calvary Baptist Chapel, New York, the deacons have resorted to a system of cash prizes for attendances. For every service at which they are present children receive 2½d. each, in addition to tram fares. The chapel is now filled to overflowing.

Bailiff in a Fog.

A bailiff who, mistaking the number on a foggy day, "took possession" of the wrong house, and met the protests of the occupant with the observation, "We have seen plenty of your sort before," was ordered at Clerkenwell recently to compensate the victim with three guineas.

Census Humours.

In the Akyab district one census enumerator, a native of India, who could not be suspected of jesting, entered the occupation of all children under fifteen years of age or so as "playing at games," while another entered the occupation of all infants-in-arms as "imbibing their mothers' milk."

He Forgot the Bride's Name.

James Lowe, a farmer, walked into the registrar's office and asked for a marriage license. "What is the young lady's name?" asked the clerk. "I'm blessed if I know," stammered Lowe; "but I can find out in a little while." He returned later, smiling and blushing, with the lady's name.

One for the Hatter.

Mr. George Grossmith's repartee to a certain pompous, wealthy hatter whom he met in "Society" is too good to be forgotten. "Well, Mr. Grossmith, are you going to give us any of your little funniments after dinner, eh?" was the patronising question. "I think not," answered Gee-Gee. "Are you going to sell any of your hats?"

Kidnapping a Policeman.

A Maryland (U.S.A.) policeman held up the occupants of an automobile on a charge of furious driving, and requested the chauffeur to accompany him to the station. The driver, like the man in Kipling's "Steam Tactics," offered to give the policeman a ride, but when he got aboard, set the machine going at a furious pace. After taking the officer out about thirty miles he deposited him on the roadside.

Aiding the Suicide.

Dr. Charles Jacobs has written to the Mayor of Chicago offering to provide a special room for the use of members of the Suicide Club whom he cannot cure of suicidal mania, so that they can carry out their intentions "in comfort," on payment of a certain sum. The room, he says, would be arranged to suit all tastes, and would be provided with ropes, cadders, revolvers, poisons, gas, and chairs for self-electrocution.

Cool Coolies.

A Hong Kong paper comments on the casual way in which Chinese smoke when handling explosives. It points the comment with a casual mention of some coolies who were removing gunpowder from a magazine at Shanghai the other day, the while they smoked cigarettes when they all took a violent and unexpected flight skywards. They are not expected to live, and their successors in the job are also smoking cigarettes.

A Strange Sight.

An old woman living on a rather remote farm in the North had never seen a train until recently. On entering the station at dusk one evening, she was just in time to see the train steaming around the curve. Dropping on to her knees she clasped her hands, and exclaimed: "Oh! marcy on us! Just luik what's cummin'—a blacksmith's shop and a ras of hoooses!"—meaning, it may be presumed, the engine and lighted carriages.

And Made a Good Thing Out of It.

An amusing story told by Hood describes how a country nurseryman made a large sum out of sales of a simple little flower which he sold under the name of the "Rhodum Sidus." This charming name proved quite an attraction to the ladies, and the flower became the rage of the season. It was one of those freaks of fashion for which there is no accounting. At length a botanist, who found that the plant was not an uncommon weed, requested to know where the nurseryman got the name from. He elicited the following reply, "I found this flower in the road beside us, so christened it the 'Rhodum Sidus.'"



And Another for R

SOME time back a collection of cords belonging to the town was found to be missing.

A search was instituted, until, as a last resource, an Town Council suggested that should be made of the disused prison.

After considerable difficulty keys having been mislaid years and there, sure enough, were somewhat mildewed and covered webs, but otherwise intact.

A former head constable had

to convert the place

After having been unoccupied for some time, the gaol at Kilmore, near Melbourne, was taken over by the Government into a factory.

And so perfectly is it found that it is now proposed to be used as a Maryborough, in the same fashion.

Yet another Australian project is a steam laundry.

The Chief Secretary paid it found to his surprise that, though a full staff of warders, there was a full staff of warders, there

The building dated, it appeared, the Ballarat gold fever, more when with many thousands also into the district in quest of desperadoes.

It was for the benefit of the gaol had originally been built for the disappearance the reason for had also gone.

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In the same district a certain officer, who shall be nameless, than double his regimental pay of large quantities of mushrooms.

These latter, like the bunch of underground cells that were very long ago, considered human beings in.

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This, however, did not suit Tangiers. It seemed to him waste of valuable space. So perfunctorily cleansed—in a lous Consular prejudices against storehouse for ripening bags

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In Oneida County, Idaho, converted into a ballroom.

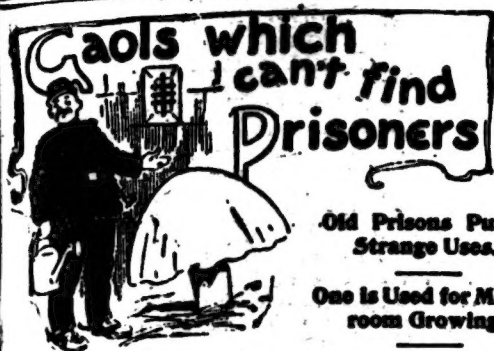
It was erected during the were more "bad men" in the rest of America put together consisted in building one which were ranged the sep one above the other.

This central hall is now the cells on the ground floor retiring rooms, and refreshment

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It is this latter provision, the Idaho gaol ball-room's one tutions in the State.

A floating convict prison, waxwork models of notorious been seen anchored in the



And Another for Rabbit Rearing.

SOME time back a collection of books and official records belonging to the town of Guildford, in Surrey, was found to be missing.

A search was instituted, but proved unavailing, until, as a last resource, an aged ex-member of the Town Council suggested that a thorough examination should be made of the disused cells in the old borough prison.

After considerable difficulty, due principally to the keys having been mislaid years before, this was done; and there, sure enough, were the long-lost volumes, somewhat mildewed and covered with dust and cobwebs, but otherwise intact.

A former head constable had thought fit to convert the place into a library.

After having been unoccupied for a long time, the gaol at Kilmore, near Melbourne, has been converted by the Government into a creamery and butter factory.

And so perfectly is it found to answer its new purpose that it is now proposed to utilise the gaol at Maryborough, in the same State, after a similar fashion.

Yet another Australian prison has been turned into a steam laundry.

The Chief Secretary paid it an unexpected visit, and found to his surprise that, though it was supplied with a full staff of warders, there were no prisoners.

The building dated, it appeared, from the days of the Ballarat gold fever, more than half a century ago, when with many thousands of honest miners came also into the district in question not a few dishonest desperadoes.

It was for the benefit of these latter that the costly gaol had originally been built, and with their final disappearance the reason for its existence as a prison had also gone.

Beneath Fort Clarence prison, near Chatham, are subterranean dungeons which have been used for many years past by the provost sergeant in charge as

a convenient breeding place for rabbits.

In the same district a certain non-commissioned officer, who shall be nameless, is currently said to more than double his regimental pay by the sale every year of large quantities of mushrooms.

These latter, like the bunnies, flourish in the gloom of underground cells that were once, and that not so very long ago, considered good enough to immure human beings in.

One of the principal "sights" in Tangiers, to a certain class of tourists, is the city gaol, wherein the Sultan of Morocco's subjects are kept chained amid surroundings that are inconceivable to European minds.

But the "trippers" do not see the old original prison that did duty in Muley Hassan's time.

That was built deep down below sea-level, and was so unutterably loathsome that it was, in deference to the "prejudices" of the foreign Consuls, closed outright by his Majesty's express order.

This, however, did not suit the then Governor of Tangiers. It seemed to him a wicked and wanton waste of valuable space. So he had the horrible place perfunctorily cleansed—in obedience to those ridiculous Consular prejudices again—and utilised it as a storehouse for ripening bananas,

the bulk of which are exported to Europe.

In Oneida County, Idaho, is a gaol which has been converted into a ballroom.

It was erected during the seventies, when there were more "bad men" in the territory than in all the rest of America put together, and the architect's idea consisted in building one big central hall, round which were ranged the separate cells, in two tiers, one above the other.

This central hall is now the dancing-room, while the cells on the ground floor do duty as cloak-rooms, retiring rooms, and refreshment bars.

Those above are known locally as the "lovers' bowers," and are used by engaged couples desirous of "sitting out" one or more dances.

It is this latter provision, it is said, that has made the Idaho gaol ball-room one of the most popular institutions in the State.

A floating convict prison, containing a number of waxwork models of notorious criminals, was to have been seen anchored in the Thames only last year.

It was a bit gruesome, regarded as an exhibit, but there was a certain appropriateness in the transformation.

The same thing cannot be said, however, of the wax-work show which was held the other day in the old gaol at Fort Huachuca, in Arizona, and the principal attraction of which was a series of life-like models of the Apache chiefs who fell fighting against the whites during the last great outbreak.

Over thirty thousand people are said to have visited this exhibition during the three months it remained open, which is not bad for a thinly populated country like Arizona.

Perhaps, though, the record attendances may have been due to the fact that the prison, besides the wax-works mentioned above, contained also a series of gambling saloons—cells they had been once—fitted up for poker, faro, and roulette.

This latter adjunct to the "show" was presided over by "Battlesnake Pete," a noted ex-desperado, and a former inmate of the gaol in question as well as of many others.

There are plenty of instances of gaols being utilised as permanent dwelling-houses for free men and women, but a prison converted into a palace may be said to be a novelty indeed.

Yet such a transformation has just been accomplished at Peking, where the big military gaol erected by the Germans during the occupation of the city by the Allies in 1900, has been renovated, refurnished, and taken possession of by a cousin of the Empress Dowager.

It accommodates himself and family, and over two hundred of his personal attendants and retainers.

Among London prisons, Horsemonger Lane Gaol, closed in 1878, was for some time utilised as a gymnasium, and its site is now a children's playground.

Cold-Bath Fields, once one of the most dreaded places of incarceration in England, and the scene of the shocking atrocities which Governor Aris exposed in Parliament, was converted in 1891 into the central offices for Great Britain of the Parcels Post system.

While the Savoy Prison in the Strand, for the confinement of deserters from the Guards, ended its career as a sort of lecture hall and museum of criminal relics.

MIGHT OFFEND HIM.

"WELL, mum," said the cook, as she entered the parlour with her bundle in her hand, "I must be after goin' away this mornin'."

"What do you mean?" Why are you going?" asked her astonished mistress.

"I am goin' to be married next week."

"But surely, Bridget, you won't leave me so suddenly! You must ask him to wait for a few days."

"Oh, I couldn't, mum."

"Why not, pray?"

"Sure, mum, I'd like to oblige you, but I don't feel well enough acquainted with him to ask him such a thing."

MODIFIED HER AMBITION.

A HAPPY COUPLE were made one the other day, and it was learnt subsequently that it had been a very "near thing" for the bride. Two months previous to the ceremony she told the object of her affections that she would not marry him until he had laid by five hundred pounds. The young man set to work, became discouraged, and gradually ceased his visits. The lady became alarmed, but meeting him the next day, the following conversation ensued:

"Well, Ned" (sighing), "how are you getting on?"

"Oh, first-rate" (cheerfully).

"Do—you—think you'll ever get it, Ned?"

"Oh, yes, in ten or twenty years."

"H—h—how much have you saved, dearest?"

"Fifty pounds."

"Well, Ned, d—don't you think th—that will be enough?"

And so now they are happy.

MISTRESS: "What wages do you generally receive?"
Applicant: "Sure, mum, an' I've never stayed long enough to find out."

HE MIGHT HAVE ANOTHER SOME DAY.

THE patience of fishermen who really love the sport is the theme of many stories. One is told by a man who, travelling on foot through part of England, came upon a solitary fisherman, who looked as if time and the world might pass away without disturbing his content.

"Have you fished long in this stream?" asked the traveller.

"Eighteen years," was the calm response.

"Get many bites?" was the next question.

The fisherman scarcely turned his gaze from the rod in his hands.

"Five year ago in this very spot I had a fine bite," he answered hopefully.

YAH, WEE, SEE, & AND I.

Things Not Taught in Language Classes.

GERMAN fearfully hard? Nonsense! Not as taught by P.W.

When the German young lady goes into a shop and asks for a new kind of *Handschuh*, also a *Fingerhut*, all she wants is a hand-shoe, or glove, and a finger-hut, which is neither more nor less than a thimble. If her purchases are large, she is probably presented with a *Rechnung* ("reckoning" or account), which will be either *Recht* (right) or *Unrecht*. *Unrecht*, of course, literally means "unright"—which is the nearest the roundabout German can get to the terse English "wrong."

The British clerk who is tearing his hair over a letter from a German correspondent sometimes vows that he "wouldn't care if only the fellow would write his German in decent English characters." The German written characters, however, owe their existence to a remarkable thing which happened in Germany more than 400 years ago.

The Germans at that time used the same characters as we do, but they happened to have an artist called Dürer, who thought he could improve the national handwriting a bit. Accordingly he introduced a system of written characters with elaborate flourishes, and, strange to say, this gradually "took on" all over Germany. It is what the Germans puzzle us with to-day.

When is a Dutchman not a Dutchman? The answer is: "When he is a German."

In the rough-and-ready language of our British tars, all foreign seamen who say *ja* for "yes" are Dutchmen, whether they are really Dutchmen, or, as a matter of fact, Germans, Swedes, or what-not. In the same way, all who say *oui* are French, and all who say *si*—Italians, Spaniards, Portuguese and the like—are somewhat contemptuously referred to as *Dagos*.

The three forms of "yes" given are pronounced respectively *yah*, *wee*, and *see*.

English-speaking people stand alone with "yes" for an affirmative, but several nations say "no" exactly as do the people of these islands—among them the Portuguese, Spaniards, and Italians.

These two punctuation marks the Spaniards invert, and place before as well as after sentences that require them. The idea is not a bad one, as you know at once when a sentence is intended as a question, without reading to the end for the note of interrogation. The Spaniards also spell words exactly as they pronounce them. Thus, their word, "phenomenal," which happens to be exactly like the same word in English, they spell *fenomenal*.

The Americans think there is good sense in this. In their books and newspapers they have "labor," "offense," "theater," "clue" (clue), "growsome," and many other words they think they can spell better than we can. Some American newspapers even drop the final "e" in such words as "have."

There is, however, a class of British publishers who hope these differences in spelling will continue. The Americans are trying hard to get their schoolbooks into this country, but they can't because British schoolmasters won't have their spelling.

These troubles are quite unknown to the Chinese, and our allies the little Japs. Neither of these nations has any spelling. And although the Japanese and Chinese languages are totally different, the two nations can read each other's newspapers. How is this?

Nothing is simpler. Can the average Briton speak Spanish, or the average Spaniard English? Yet when they see a figure eight chalked on a board they both know what it represents, although the Briton calls it "eight," and the Spaniard *ocho*.

There is no spelling about a figure. It is just a symbol; and a plain English addition sum is a plain Portuguese addition to a Portuguese, and equally understood by a man of any other European nation.

In just the same way the Chinese language is all symbols—about 40,000 of them. Each symbol represents to each Chinaman a particular idea, which he expresses by a certain word. For the same symbol the Jap has quite a different word—hence his spoken language is different. But the symbol represents exactly the same idea to him as to the Chinaman.

English words, take them one with another, are shorter and more to the point than those of any other European language. English contains more words of one syllable than any other language. In German, the letter "s" occurs very frequently, and retards speed in writing. Every noun also in German, as well as in Danish, must begin with a capital, and this takes time.

English speakers are the only people who have stopped "thou-ing" and "thee-ing" their friends and relatives. They are also the only people who refer to themselves with a capital letter.

For "I" the Italian writes *io*, the Frenchman *je*; even the German, with all his capitals, descends to the humble *ich* when referring to himself—though *Sie*, which stands for "you," politeness impels him to write with a capital. The Briton—just like him—carefully reverses the process. The smallest office boy addresses a prospective employer as "you," and refers to himself with a capital "I."



Mr. P. Doublyou Emigrates for the Benefit of our Readers.

I Find that the Atlantic and I do not Agree.

This article is going to be mainly about sea-sickness. I don't mean the mere Channel variety of the complaint, indulged in by those of us that now and again run over to Boulogne or take a sea trip round the coast, but the Atlantic kind, and looked at from the point of view of a steerage passenger.

You usually decide whether or not to be sea-sick about an hour's sail from Queenstown. Crossing the Irish Sea is mere child's play. It is just when you have lost sight of the Irish coast, and remember that there is nothing much between you and the North Pole on the north and the South Pole on the south, that it suddenly dawns on you that it is quite possible that you may be ill.

We ran into a first-rate gale about noon on Sunday. We had been spending the morning in a mixed sort of manner. In the saloon, a service was being held to which all passengers of every class were invited. I fear it was not very well attended that Sunday. Towards the end of the service, the saloon started violently shaking itself. It appeared to be trying to pitch forward, roll sideways, and double itself up at the same time, in a manner quite unbecoming on such an occasion. I regret to say that several worshippers were seen to quietly slip towards the door. I contained myself until the end of the service, and then simply bolted. I afterwards learnt that it would not have been regarded as irreverent had I left during service. In fact, the Atlantic

has a code of etiquette entirely its own.

It is assumed that all functions, meals, games, conversations, concerts, and even religious services are subject to sudden interruption, should the weather command it. Quite often a man will suddenly get up in the middle of a meal or a chat and unceremoniously rush on deck. Nobody even comments on the fact.

I said I bolted for the staircase. But when I reached it my bolting ceased. Ascending a staircase in a storm is quite different from the ordinary process. You start climbing as though you were ninety years of age, gripping the rail and pressing the stairs with a deliberation worthy of the treadmill. Halfway up this suddenly changes. The ship has decided on quite a different kind of motion—assuming, as it were, another "roll." All of a sudden you seem to be ascending into space, and glide up the rest of the flight like a wave of ether. Then the ship shakes herself and you stagger violently into the deck steward.

"Better go to your berth, sir. Shall I take you? What state-room is it?"

"None," I gulped. "I'm steerage!"

"Oh! Then it's downstairs and turn to your right."

After a memorable stagger through long corridors, in which both myself and the paint on the doors must have suffered equally, I got on to the steerage deck.

Sunday was being observed in a variety of ways, chiefly in religious worship. The different nationalities were holding meetings together, and many and strange were the sounds given forth. At one part of the deck a group of Scandinavians met in solemn conclave. A fair, blue-eyed youth played a gloomy chant on a concertina, and men and women supported him in a quaint minor dirge. Then we came to the British meetings. I listened eagerly to hear some hymn of our own country. But my fellow Britons were not so reverent. They were singing "Dolly Gray."

As I hastened to my berth, I heard a low groan, followed by this remark:

"If I could meet the bloke wot wrote 'A Life on the Ocean Wave' I'd blooming well brain 'im! I'd rock 'im

in the cradle of the deep!"

And the groaner suddenly turned his head aside for a purpose which shall be nameless, and I fled.

Things did not seem to be at all kind to me that day, considering my critical condition. Disturbing influences were too much at work. What Neptune does not accomplish off his own bat in the matter of human persecution, the steerage supplies. A more diversified group of smells has never passed my nostrils. There is firstly the Emigrant smell. It is of a kind apart. Authorities differ as to the reason of it, but all agree that it belongs to the steerage of a liner alone, and is never encountered elsewhere. First there is the antiseptic in which the steerage is steeped—alone enough to nauseate one. Then the Scandinavians appear to carry about with them a national odour, coming, I was informed, from the leather of their boots. There is, further, a strange, mustard-like smell, ten thousand poultries-power, which comes from these people. Add to this the normal

smell of the engines, cooking (steerage variety), and that of potatoes, and one will realize that the steerage in a storm is likely to disturb the organism of a Sinbad. Talking about potatoes, the steward told me that on our voyage the steerage alone consumed nearly seven tons! And I readily accepted the statement, for the smell of potatoes appeared to permeate space.

One more incident before I reached my berth and misery, and this finished me up entirely. I refer to the stokers at lunch. Imagine a Rugby "scrum." Ten black mortals are bending down in a circle, in the centre of which stands a large tin, containing a prodigious joint of beef. From this a dozen black hands are simply tearing off slices, and devouring them minus plate, knife, or fork. Then I went below. The steerage steward realised what was happening. I told you he had once seen my collar without the muffler, and on more than one occasion I had spoken to him in a deferential tone.

"Are you going to be ill, sir?" he asked.

I just gave him one look, which spoke more than words, and clung to his arm.

"All right, you come with me. I'll make you comfortable."

And he led me to a compartment where there were no other occupants, and fixing on to the rail a specially devised pan, he said:

"There you are. Now you'll be comfortable." And he locked me in. Comfortable is a purely approximate term in a storm. A steward's idea of a passenger's comfort depends not on whether you are sea-sick, but where you are suffering it. No doubt the saloon victim of the complaint is

regarded as a pampered popinjay.

My berth had a curious manner of its own in this storm. I feel sure Euclid himself could not have defined at which angle it was rolling. After a moment or two of horrible stillness it suddenly shook itself half a dozen times. Then we took a long dip down 'for'ard' (groans). A long pause, then another dip down in the same direction (gurgles). Then another half-dozen shakes (gurgles). My coat, which hung on a peg by the door, suddenly executed a weird, ghostly dance. Then an earthquake seemed to be taking place underneath me, causing a thick, heavy sort of grating. Several jolts followed, and the ship gathered itself together and dived forward again. I now felt that all I wanted was a quiet death. Like the man in the favourite Atlantic story, when I left Queenstown, I feared that the ship might go down. Now, I feared that it would not.

So far as I could judge, my Scandinavian friends suffered but little on this voyage. But they are a cold folk, with little imagination. With vacant, stolid expressions, they seemed to be almost happy in their misery. Long groups of women, with looks of unutterable despair, sat on deck when the waves were only moderately mountainous, and

gazed disconsolately at the ocean.

After four or five days of this one got habituated to the gloom. All joy seemed gone out of life. Our only conscious emotion was one of deep, intense hatred of the Atlantic ocean. Its relentless vastness, its horrible bigness, its futile ferocity! Why, oh, why are the two great Anglo-Saxon races to suffer such barbarities of Nature before they see each other's faces? How, after a calm and fairly contented day, we groaned at the sound of the gathering fury, and realised that it meant another night of misery. All the spite and venom in my nature vented itself on that ocean. All other seas I could think of had my complete respect—the Pacific, Indian, even Arctic Oceans suggested peace and beauty. I forgave my fellow passengers who smoked bad cigars, and forgot even the Editor's tyrannies, as I looked with fierce loathing at that over-created excrecence on the map.

But in my next article I altered my mind. The Editor had sent me a wireless message to this effect:

"Spend day saloon intensify steerage suffering."

It was brought me two days out at sea, in a yellow envelope, as though I had been in the office at home. We had got into telegraphic communication with a passing ship, which had received this and scores of other messages off New York, to be transmitted to us when we were passing.

So next week I shall try to give you a picture of life on a liner at its very best, as enjoyed by me for one tempestuous day—after which I resumed my original mission.

"Yes, Claude," says Aunt Maria, "an engagement ring indicates that a young lady intends marrying; but in these fashionable times, Claude, it does not indicate that she intends marrying the one who gave it her."

"YESTERDAY," said Jabson, "I refused a suppliant woman a request for a small sum of money, and in consequence of my act I passed a sleepless night. The tones of her voice were ringing in my ears the whole time."

"Your softness of heart does you credit," said Mabson. "Who was the woman?"
"My wife."

AMERICAN WIVES V. BRITISH WIVES

By an American Girl.

As a woman is far more likely to make a good wife when she marries the man of her choice, rather than one who has been thrust upon her for his money or position, the American woman has the advantage in the very first instance, because there are not so many "arranged" marriages in that country as there are over here.

Even when an American girl is poor, she does not look upon marriage as the only road out of her dilemma. She generally feels that she has resources within herself upon which she can rely, and she is seldom afraid to put them to the test.

As a rule she infinitely prefers to turn her abilities to account than to hamper herself with an unloved husband. Her innate, inherent independence enables her to overcome the obstacles in her path, and to strike out for herself in a way in which most British girls would be afraid to do.

To be sure, many British women have, in recent years, added to dwindling incomes in one way or another; but these are usually married women, who can take such a step with more or less impunity.

The American girl will, as a rule, take more time for reflection before casting her lot in with that of a man.

There is generally a goodly supply of bachelors, so she does not need to feel that she must step aside to give someone else a chance, nor does the idea that people will think she could not be married if she wished hold any terrors for her.

Because of all this, and of the greater independence generally which she enjoys, the American girl is accustomed to having men for her friends, and she is not so prone to regard each one as a possible lover, or to succumb to the first one that pays her attention.

This also better fits her to be the companion and helpmeet of her husband when she does marry. She stands a better chance of making a success of matrimony than a girl who has little or no previous knowledge of the peculiar animal, man.

It would be ridiculous to assert that the American girl "understands" men—that anybody really "understands" anybody else—but she knows more about him than the average British bride.

Girls who jump from the nursery to matrimony, with only a few months of carefully supervised social festivities to bridge over the gulf, cannot have gained more than a cursory knowledge of men and things, or have more than a superficial idea of home-making. Doll baby arts do well enough for the courting period, but they do not wear.

There must be a more solid foundation to enable a girl to cope successfully with the problems which are sure to present themselves to the newly married.

This reserve force and versatility the American girl possesses to an astonishing degree.

Her social duties do not mean so much to her as they do to a British woman; she has been accustomed to making them fit in with other interests, so that after marriage she seldom becomes so absorbed by them that she cannot find time to keep in touch with the matters that are of moment to her husband.

She is too wise to interfere with or tactlessly nag him, but if he wishes to discuss his business with her she is able to do it interestedly and intelligently, whereas few British women have any notion of their husband's affairs.

Many an American man frankly admits that he owes much of his success to his wife's suggestions and encouragement—many more, who do not admit it, also do.

There are, of course, American girls who go to extremes, and flaunt their independence too flagrantly; but as a rule they are a pretty level-headed lot, and eminently practical. Indeed, there are few things which, at a pinch, they cannot turn their hands to.

The way in which hundreds of them, reared in luxury, have met and conquered adversity which has come into their married life has made onlookers marvel.

Even the very rich American girl learns many homely lessons. She is taught to cook and sew, she studies domestic economy, and—a distinct point in her favour—she knows how to take care of her health. Every year she improves in this respect. There is a mistaken notion over here that the American girl is averse to walking or taking exercise. As a matter of fact she is, if anything, more energetic than her British sisters, and she takes her exercise scientifically.

A healthy woman is apt to be a happy woman, and a far more agreeable companion than one who is constantly ailing. It is probable that her children will take after her, and she will be able to do much to keep them as they have been born.

In the matter of training children the American women still have much to learn. There is no doubt but that the British children are a far better behaved lot than the American youngsters, who are frequently hopelessly "spoilt," and a perfect torment to every one—except, perhaps, their doting parents.

The process is not one to be commended, though it seems to agree with them, for when they grow up they certainly compare favourably with the products of the British system, who have been kept in the background during their early youth.

Bilkers. Beware!



A Black
List which
has Nothing
to do with
Drink.

All Classes of Society Figure therein.

From the Tradesman to the Aristocrat.

OPINIONS are many and varied as to the merits of the new "Black List," which already contains the names and particulars of more than 200 habitual drunkards.

There can be no two opinions, however, among racing men as to the value to big bookmakers and commission agents of another and comparatively little-known "Black List"—that compiled by the Commission Agents' Guarantee Association—an organisation of about 500 of the principal bookmakers and commission agents in the United Kingdom.

The association was founded about two years ago, with the primary object of combating certain misstatements made about bookmakers and book-making generally, and also for the purpose of strongly advocating the licensing of respectable bookmakers, and the suppression of all "wrong 'uns"—both bookmakers and backers—whose shady ways have done so much

to bring the Turf into disrepute.

It was proposed by the association that every bookmaker in the United Kingdom should be forced to take out an annual license, costing £25. This, it was argued, would soon "sift the wheat from the chaff," and, accepting the statement made by Mr. John Hawke, the Secretary of the Anti-Gambling League, that "there are more than 20,000 bookmakers in the United Kingdom, all of whom are doing well," the tax on bookmakers would produce at least £500,000 per annum, which, capitalised at 3 per cent., would be worth to the Revenue no less a sum than sixteen and a half millions sterling!

By the rules of the association, each individual member is bound to furnish the committee with the names and aliases (if any), addresses, and all other particulars of his own defaulting clients and their "references," and these names are duly entered alphabetically in a huge ledger

by the secretary of the association.

All such information is treated in strictest confidence, and on no account whatever is the identity of the member who supplied certain names divulged.

Thus all members trading on the credit system are enabled to refer to the secretary for particulars concerning unknown persons desirous of opening an account. If the applicant be a "wrong 'un," it is a hundred chances to one that his name will be found on the "Black List." In extraordinary cases, where special inquiries are necessary, the member has to pay to the association a nominal fee of 1s. 3d.

The "Bookmakers' Black List" has proved a terror to the professional defaulter, and many "doubtful" clients have settled their accounts rather than that their names should appear in the dreaded volume which "cuts off credit."

It will probably come as a surprise to most people to learn that for years past many persons have actually made a good living by systematically defrauding

bookmakers and commission agents.

Since the advent of the "Black List," however, these rogues have met with less success. Formerly it was not a difficult matter for a well-dressed man, giving a decent address, to obtain credit from a bookmaker, or (as racing men term it) "bet on the nod." Were references required, they were always forthcoming, resource being laid to other knaves, engaged in the same mode of swindling.

Sometimes even the names of aristocratic patrons of the Turf were mentioned—of course, without the least authority—the well-known name not infrequently lulling the bookmaker into a false sense of security, until the mischief was done and inquiry of any sort was superfluous.

Although the "Black List" contains only the names of "wrong 'uns" who have defrauded their bookmakers during the past two or three years, every class of the community would appear to be represented in the list.

First and foremost, in point of number, come the professional "crooks" and sharpers who follow racing and plunder whom they can.

But there are others. Many a tradesman, who has hitherto borne a good name, finds himself, from some cause or other, on the verge of bankruptcy. In former days perhaps he may have taken an interest in racing, and he reasons to himself that if he now takes a gambler's last chance, there is always the possibility of his winning money, and so a chance of arresting his impending failure. In the event of his losing he simply "whispers"—i.e., tells his bookmaker to whistle for his money.

There is hardly a page of the "Black List" but contains the name of one or more publicans or "hotel proprietors"; and it is a significant fact that there are also far too many names of persons connected, more or less intimately, with the stage.

Here and there in the "List" appears the name of an undergraduate at one of the Universities.

There are also a few medical students among the branded "wrong 'uns," and certain individuals are mentioned who, although they pose as young bloods about town, are (and have pleaded that they are) minors under twenty-one years of age.

Many "Black-Listers" are described as agents; some are stockbrokers' clerks, and a few are ostensibly gentlemen, members of West End clubs. Even men of family and title

figure among the defaulters.

"That," said the secretary of the association, pointing out to the writer a certain name in the "Black List," "was an individual who for several years made upwards of £500 per annum by swindling commission agents up and down the country. He was a member of the National Liberal Club, and it was his custom to select 'likely' commission agents (those who advertised in the sporting papers by preference), and to write to them on the club notepaper in the following terms:

"Dear Sir,—I should feel obliged if you would kindly forward me particulars of your rules. I do not do much betting myself, but my friends, Lord Blank and Sir John Dash do, as you are probably aware. If I find your firm satisfactory, I shall have much pleasure in introducing them to you."

"Needless to say, the bait took almost every time. The man made many bets with many bookmakers. Sometimes he paid small losing accounts out of larger winning ones; far oftener he did not pay at all.

"In the aggregate he won many hundreds of pounds, and although he lost thousands, he did not care, for, of course, he never paid up.

"The promise he made to recommend wealthy clients contributed largely to his success," continued the speaker, "So, for the matter of that, did the club notepaper, which he invariably used.

"Nowadays, though, it has become an axiom among commission agents and bookmakers that the better the stationery (of a prospective client), the bigger, most probably, the rogue."

TO MATCH THE MONEY.

A LADY promised to give her maid five pounds as a marriage portion.

The girl got married to a man of low stature, and her mistress, on seeing him, was surprised and said: "Well, Mary; what a little husband you have got."

"La!" exclaimed the girl; "what could you expect for five pounds?"

AN AWFUL MOMENT.

It happened in a little church where the motive power for the organ comes from the strong arms of an industrious Irishman.

At a recent service the choir got into trouble, and while confusion reigned the organ suddenly stopped. The situation was not relieved when a hoarse voice came from behind the organ and floated out into the auditorium.

It said: "Sing like thunder, me boys! The bellers is busted!"

"Would you mind telling me how you made your first fifty pounds?"

"Not at all. I made it by attending strictly to business—my own business, you know."

"I don't know whether to be complimented or not," said Barlow, the poet. "Last year my sweetheart gave me a pencil to write poems with, but this year she gave me a silver-mounted eraser."

Hostess: "Won't you have another biscuit?"

Guest: "Thank you, I really don't know how many I've had already."

Hostess' Youngest (enviously): "I do. You've had six."

NECKTIES OF THE GREAT.

Whom do you Follow in this Respect?

HIS MAJESTY THE KING perhaps wears as many different types of necktie as any living man.

His predilection, however, is towards ties that have been made from some spotted material, preferably dark with spots of a light grey or white upon it.

The King, however, occasionally wears a light striped tie of the "washing" order.

When on his yacht His Majesty often wears a dark blue tie, almost of the same shade as his jacket and peaked cap.

The Prince of Wales, like a true sailor prince, is nearly always seen in a tie done up in faithful copy of a sailor's knot.

A Bond Street tradesman might inform our future King that the tie is tied a little too tightly sometimes, were he asked for an absolutely candid criticism.

The Prince is also given to wearing that pattern of tie that is known to the West-end clubmen as the "pigeon breast" tie.

When this last-mentioned pattern is worn by the Heir Apparent it is always made up of black satin, or else of a slightly figured and very dark material.

Perhaps of all distinguished men in Great Britain Mr. A. J. Balfour appears to be the least fastidious as to his neckgear, for he has for the past twenty years at least always worn a plain black bow tie tightly tucked beneath the corners of his equally unambitious turn-down collar.

On all occasions, save when in evening or Court dress, this simple black bow, that could be purchased anywhere for a very modest sum indeed, is worn by the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom.

Even when on his speedy motor, and half-hidden in his heavy topcoat, Mr. Balfour is not parted from his bit of black tie.

Any Member of Parliament who has an eye for detail will agree that Mr. John Morley is nearly always seen wearing a distinctly red necktie.

The Right Hon. gentleman has for many years shown his fondness for red, tied always in the same neat way round a number sixteen size collar.

Close observers have of late noticed that the tie affected by Mr. Morley has deepened in colour; it is not of quite such a bright red as it was in the days when red cravats were fewer in the House of Commons than they are to-day. Another political and literary gentleman who not infrequently wears a quiet red tie is Mr. T. P. O'Connor. "T. P." has also been seen fitting through the Lobby in a beautiful green tie.

The seventeenth day of March is usually one of the occasions on which, despite clamours for copy from various sources, he does not fail to sport a tie of the colour now fashionable for picture frames.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain very often appears with a choice strip of some quaint and costly silk; at other times it is merely the tie that may be bought in any one of a hundred different London hosiery establishments.

But the Colonial Secretary is not content with a necktie unadorned; he puts round it a ring of gold that somehow seldom fails to give to his always well-dressed figure the last little finishing-touch, ere he is ready to adjust his eyeglass and spring to his feet for the purpose of silencing a political opponent.

Sir William Harcourt's necktie always strikes one as being very small for the size of the neck that it decorates.

Like the Prime Minister, Sir William has a fondness for the simple black bow, but while Mr. Balfour wears a tie that we should say is at least a good inch in diameter, the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer is content with one that probably is only half as wide.

The tailors of London have recently placed in their shop windows a good-natured but not true portrait of Lord Rosebery dressed in a suit of extraordinary Harris tweed.

As a believer in the virtues of this particular cloth Lord Rosebery has lately offered his testimony, but there is not a tailor in London who has ever seen his lordship dressed in anything but black.

On his yacht, and very occasionally in Scotland, Lord Rosebery has donned other colours, but in town and on the Continent it is nothing but black.

This being so, it follows that Lord Rosebery's neckties are seldom of any other colour but that of his coat. He has been seen wearing a faintly-striped tie, but as a rule it is severely black or deeply blue.

Sir Francis Burnard, the genial editor of PUNCH, must receive mention in this article. His neckties positively demand it.

They are ample, and spreading, and flowing; and they are always in taste. But they are not of the pattern that can be tied and tucked away out of harm's way at the hands of the passing breeze. They must be out and untrammelled. Under the trim grey beard they nestle with all the attractiveness of a Parisian's.

Many more instances of individualism in neckties might be cited, but enough has already been said to prove that our great ones and our celebrities are, like the bank clerk and the craftsman, all given to indulging their own tastes and whims in the small and important matter of neck-dress.

£5 A WEEK FOR LIFE!

(Which will NOT be divided.)

AND A FURTHER SUM OF

£1,000 CASH DOWN.

If any member of your family wants the pictures below, they will be found in to-day's **BIG BUDGET, 1D.**

Example: HULL



The closing date will be announced in a few weeks.

Meanwhile, you should continue to discover solutions to the pictures published every week. Remember, you have just as good an opportunity of securing the £5 a Week for Life as anybody else. It's the steady worker who wins—the man or the woman who resolves to, at all events, do his or her best—and this, remember, may be better than anybody else's best. Don't be discouraged if you cannot solve all the pictures. It is improbable that any one single person will get them all right.

Therefore do your best. If you can't find a solution to a picture now, leave the space below the picture blank.

You don't know how near you are to winning the £5 a Week for Life. Nobody knows. But when the winner is announced, it may be you! And what a boon £5 a Week for Life would be to you, wouldn't it? You will be able to live in comfort for the

rest of your life, and to ignore the troubles and worries that attend the earning of a precarious income. You will know, for certain, that, as long as you live, you will be in receipt of £260 a year.

If you want a lump sum of money, all you will have to do will be to save up your £5 a Week for a few weeks.

In four weeks you will have saved £20, in ten weeks you will have saved £50, and in twenty weeks you will have saved £100.

Even now you may be ahead of all the other competitors who are trying for the prize. Just think of it! You may have just one more correct solution than any of your fellow competitors, and just that one solution may mean £5 a Week for Life to you!

And now, what are the solutions to the pictures below?

Below you will find some pictures. Each of these pictures consists of certain objects which, either singly or collectively, represent the name of a railway station in the United Kingdom.

What you have to do is to find the railway station with the longest name made up entirely from the names of objects depicted in each picture (or from words which have the same sound). See example shown above.

An "object" does not include sky or shading necessary for correct drawing.

Before you begin, examine the example shown, which will make the matter clear.

Taking this as a guide, you have now to examine the pictures below, and discover the name of the railway station which each of them represents. When you have done this, write the name down in the space provided, and **KEEP THE PAGE BY YOU.** A SET OF PICTURES WILL APPEAR EACH WEEK.

The prize of £5 a Week for Life will be paid to the competitor from whom the Editors of *Pearson's Weekly* and *The Big Budget* actually receive the complete series of pictures containing the greatest number of correct solutions and fulfilling the conditions printed below. A further sum of £1,000 will be divided in the following manner among those who come next: First Consolation Cash Gift, £100; Second Cash Gift, £50; Third Cash Gift, £25; Fourth Cash Gift, £25; Fifth Cash Gift, £25; Sixth Cash Gift, £25; Seventh Cash Gift, £25; Eighth to Fifty-seventh Cash Gifts, £10 each; Fifty-eighth to Ninety-seventh Cash Gifts, £5 each.

This same prize is offered in *THE BIG BUDGET* (one penny, every Thursday). There are not two prizes of £5 a Week for Life, but ONE prize of £5 a Week for Life for PEARSON'S WEEKLY and BIG BUDGET readers combined. This also applies to the consolation gifts.

CONDITIONS.

1. The name must be clearly written under each picture in ink. (Use a fine pen.)
2. Only one name is allowed under each picture.
3. No alterations are allowed in the words. If you have made a mistake in the spelling, cross the word out, and write it again.
4. When you have filled up your set of pictures, cut it out and keep it by you.
5. Members of the same family may forward as many complete series of pictures as they like. Each complete series will be accepted independently, and the sets composing it must be fastened together at the top left-hand corner.
6. The name of the station with the greatest number of letters, made up of the names (or words which have the same sound) of the objects or objects depicted in each picture is the correct solution, but if there are two or more of such names of stations depicted in one picture with an equal number of letters, each will be counted correct.
7. No competitor may obtain the assistance of professional competition solvers, who send out circulars, or whose advertisements appear in the Press. Every person who enters for this competition may do so only on this understanding. The prize will not be paid to anyone who we find has violated this condition.
8. In the event of a tie, a further set (or, if necessary, several further sets) of pictures will be submitted to the tying competitors until one wins the first prize outright.
9. The first prize—that is, £5 a Week for Life—will be payable weekly to the winner, who shall not be entitled to require that it be capitalised. Nor shall the winner be allowed to sell or pledge such weekly payment, and his receipt alone will be recognised.
10. All the names depicted in the sketches will be found as printed in the Index to Stations in the January (1903) edition of Bradshaw's Railway Guide. The Guide is now out of print, but a reprint of the Index to Stations, which is all you require, will be sent for three penny stamps on application to Bradshaw's Guide, 59 Fleet Street, London, E.C., or to Room 7, *Pearson's Weekly*, 15 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

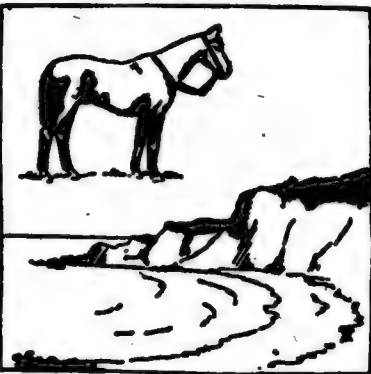
(These conditions are subject to correction and alteration before the competition closes.)

No inquiries regarding these conditions can be answered either personally or through the post. If a point of sufficient general interest is raised, it will be dealt with in the paper.

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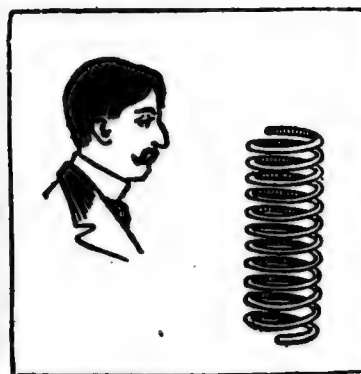
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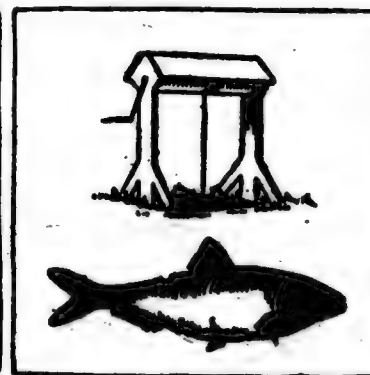
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IMPORTANT NOTICE TO COMPETITORS.

Every issue of *Pearson's Weekly* has to go to press a fortnight before it comes into your hands, with the result that any statement of immediate interest which we may have to make to you concerning the competition is necessarily delayed. As a convenience to our readers we have made arrangements with the *Daily Express*, which can be obtained from any newsagent throughout the kingdom, the *Midland Express* and the *North Mail*, to publish replies to inquiries made by competitors, and also to make any statements regarding developments in the competition. Each of the morning newspapers in question can be obtained for a halfpenny. Replies will be inserted daily and will be found at the foot of the first column on page two in each paper.

BEGIN TO-DAY.

Life

LIST OF CH

Sir Hubert Dreighton
Reggie Dreighton? twin
Violet Dreighton
Fred Templeton, in love
Lord Arthur Gorham,
Bill Bally, a broken down
May Cory, daughter of Sir
whom Reggie is in love.
Margaret de Fèvre, a
of Templeton.

THIRTY-SECOND

The Se

"Accept—or refuse!"
Violet echoed Templeton's
and stood with her back to it,
husband still held in his hand.
"Accept or refuse!" She
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faithfully fulfilled them. As a
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"His guilt—he is not guilty."
"Did I? I fancy not—if I
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without hearing me.

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and frankly, I haven't the sligh
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of Cory's death.

"Now we know better, and
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Violet stared at him in silen
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a trap!"

"What proof have you got
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to win me for your wife?"

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"And I have proof too, proof
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who sent it, the man who was
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Again Violet was silent; her
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afraid to leave her brother's co
She did not fear Templeton's
room bravely, determined to fa
of the man she loathed, and
devote herself day and night
husband do his worst.

What did it matter what the
brother's life came before every
But this letter, written an
confessing that he did kill Joh
something she could not fight a
He had written a confession,
once seen and made public, in
condemned to pay the penalty.
It was true she had no proo

The May ROYAL tells you all about the new indoor game, Table Cricket.

An excellent se

BEGIN TO-DAY.

Life's Great Handicap.

By ARTHUR APPLIN.

LIST OF CHARACTERS.

Sir Hubert Dreighton, owner of Castle Cowan.
Reggie Dreighton? twins, son and daughter of Sir Violet Dreighton Hubert.
Fred Templeton, in love with Violet.
Lord Arthur Gorham, the man whom Violet loves.
Bill Bailey, a broken down racing tout.
May Cory, daughter of Sir Hubert's head keeper, with whom Reggie is in love.
Margaret de Fevre, a music-hall artiste, and friend of Templeton.

THIRTY-SECOND CHAPTER. The Sacrifice.

"ACCEPT—OR REFUSE!"
Violet echoed Templeton's words and slowly shut the door and stood with her back to it, staring at the letter which her husband still held in his hand.

"Accept or refuse!" She laughed hysterically.
"If I may dare offer you my advice, it is to accept my terms. As I said a few minutes ago, under somewhat similar circumstances in Paris, I accepted your conditions and I have so far faithfully fulfilled them. As soon as you have accepted mine, I will give you the name and address of a certain person who knows your brother's hiding place, the only person who knows, for I do not, and within, say, forty-eight hours he can be in this house, and this letter, the only proof of his guilt, in his possession."

"His guilt—he is not guilty, you confessed it yourself!"
"Did I? I fancy not—if I didn't deny the veracity of your anonymous correspondent's statements it was to save you pain! You received an illiterate letter from an ignorant knave who has a grudge against me, and so sends you his communication on our wedding night. You hastily jump to rash conclusions, a weakness of your sex, and condemn me without hearing me."

"You've had your innings, now I'm going to have mine, and frankly, I haven't the slightest doubt as to the result."

"I suppose you think I shall be weak and foolish enough to do as you demand and to accept your terms; if so, you are wrong. I'm no longer the little frightened girl, ignorant of the world and life; I'm no longer to be cowed by a blustering bully. My brother is innocent. Oh, how mad and blind we were even to have thought him guilty; how foolish he was, poor boy! But Fate seemed to point his finger at him and make him, through some strange accident, morally guilty of Cory's death."

"Now we know better, and when he returns, Justice will raise her sword and it will not fall on his innocent head, but on your guilty one!"

Templeton shrugged his shoulders, carefully and slowly folded up the letter and put it back in its envelope.

"Then there is no more to be said. It matters very little to me whether you accept or not; all I lose by your refusal is your very charming, but somewhat cold self. Though it is within the bounds of possibility that, after the ceremony at Newgate, I could obtain an order for restitution of conjugal rights if you carry out your intention of running away from me."

Violet stared at him in silence for some moments.
"Well, why don't you go?" he asked quietly. "Perhaps you are wondering how to set about finding your brother. I don't know where he is, and he'll take jolly good care no one else knows whilst this letter exists. My dear Violet, you're in a trap!"

"What proof have you got that Reggie is guilty?" she cried. "What proof could you use, would you dare use knowing that others are aware of the vile way you schemed to win me for your wife?"

"What further proof than this letter, his long absence from home, May Cory's disappearance? Proof—why, there is sufficient proof to hang him half a dozen times over. That may be one consolation to you, the trial won't be a long one!"

"And I have proof too, proof of his innocence!"

Templeton smiled disparagingly.

"That letter. I'm afraid it is valueless."

"I will find the writer; oh, it will be quite easy. I know who sent it, the man who was once a tool of yours. Perhaps he will be glad to have the opportunity of speaking and telling all he knows about you, all the evil you persuaded him to do—all the evil you have done yourself."

"I'm afraid you won't find Billy Bailey; he's gone. He had to run away to save his own skin!"

Again Violet was silent; her hand sought the handle of the door; but she was afraid to open it, afraid to leave the room, afraid to leave her brother's confession of murder!

She did not fear Templeton's threats; she had entered the room bravely, determined to face the worst, to leave the house of the man she loathed, and, with Arthur Gorham's help, devote herself day and night to finding Reggie, and let her husband do his worst.

What did it matter what the world thought or did? Her brother's life came before everything else!

But this letter, written and signed by him, absolutely confessing that he did kill John Cory, was terrifying; it was something she could not fight against, could not understand.

He had written a confession, and she believed that if it were once seen and made public, innocent or guilty he would be condemned to pay the penalty.

It was true she had no proof—what proof could wipe out

that confession, signed and witnessed? And he must have confessed to those who had seen him write the letter that he was guilty!

"Show me his letter again; how do I know it is not a forgery?"

"Surely you can recognise your brother's handwriting? Nevertheless, you are at liberty to read it once again!"

Violet's hands trembled nervously as she put them out to take the envelope from Templeton.

But he did not give it to her. He unfolded and held the letter before her eyes.

"What threats or force did you use to compel him to write and sign this?" she asked in a low voice. "A document signed in fear of life does not hold good!"

"No threats were used. There were people present who will vouch for that. No, it was written to save your family, your proud family, any unpleasantness in case the truth leaked out and it became known that you'd been sheltering a criminal; also to save an innocent man from suffering—for instance, supposing Lord Arthur Gorham had been accused and could not prove his innocence! Oh, no; your brother was quite anxious to send you this letter in case the necessity of using it ever arose."

"And you see the necessity has arisen. I want my wife, I want my estate. The whole vast estate—and so unless you promise to give me both, I fear I must—" He waved the letter suggestively in the air.

Suddenly and swiftly Violet sprang towards him, snatched it out of his hand, and tore it in half, but before she could destroy it, he seized her wrists in an iron grasp and took the torn sheets away.

"Give it to me!" she cried. "Give it to me, or destroy it, for pity's sake destroy it!"

Until that moment she had kept calm and collected, but as it was slowly borne in upon her that Reggie's life would be lost if that letter was once made use of, once seen by other eyes than hers, she broke down; the only hope left her was to obtain the letter—her ruse to do so failed, and now she was left at her husband's mercy.

Overwrought, she could see no loophole of escape; she, who a few hours before had been so brave and confident, now lost her self-control and cried hysterically:

"For pity's sake destroy that letter; you obtained it unjustly, for once be just and destroy it!"

Templeton smiled calmly, folded the torn fragments together and replaced them in the envelope in his breast pocket and buttoned up his coat.

"It was very foolish of you, my dear wife, to try and obtain this interesting document by force, especially as you declared it was valueless and could not harm your brother. As it is, the mangled sheet of paper now bears striking testimony to the truth of the confession written there. Naturally the question will arise as to who tried to destroy the letter—and why? The answer is obvious!"

"Be merciful, what is his life to you that you should desire to take it? You are my husband and he is my brother; you will not, you cannot see him hanged for a crime he did not commit!"

"I have no wish to see him hanged, I assure you; but you leave me no alternative save to do what I suppose is my duty and hand this letter to the police."

"What do you want me to do, what can I do? Ask anything—anything—I will gladly give it you, if it were mine to give!"

Templeton gave a self-satisfied smile and, taking a pipe from the mantleshaft, slowly filled it.

"I hope you don't object to smoke?"

"Tell me what you want and give me that letter and let me go!"

"I only want our positions reversed from what they were at noon on the day of our marriage."

"You want—"

"A new deed of gift drawn up—the marriage settlement stands, Mr. Pike informed me that that could not be destroyed—your brother left in safety to continue to follow his present life abroad, or, if he wishes it, in England, and you and I start on a fresh wedding tour, bearing in mind the vows you took at the altar, to love, honour and obey!"

Violet wrung her hands together and looked hopelessly round the little room.

Was there no escape, was there no other way to save her brother's life? She tried to think clearly and calmly but her brain was in a whirl; all she could understand or realise was that her brother's life, possibly her father's life and even her lover's, rested on her decision. For if she refused and left her husband, he would probably be revenged on Arthur Gorham as well as on Reggie, and the shock would surely bring her father's life to a premature end.

Yet, a few hours ago, she had not feared Templeton, not as she did now. What had so suddenly given him this absolute power over her and why had he not shown her the letter before—months before?

In vain she tried to think and reason calmly; Fear had his fingers at her throat and would not leave go. Fate had raised her hand against her!

"Please make up your mind quickly; it is past six o'clock!"

"Don't ask for my love, you know I cannot give it you," she pleaded. "Take all else, yes, all I possess, everything! I give you all, I will make a fresh deed of gift, I will give you absolute control over the estate, you shall be free to do as you like. But do not ask more of me, for pity's sake do not ask more!"

Templeton's eyes glittered as he rubbed his hands together and puffed clouds of blue smoke from his pipe.

This was the hour he had waited and longed for; at last he was tasting the sweets of revenge; at last he saw the proud, cold woman at his feet, pleading and imploring.

At last he had won. She offered to give him all; all he had plotted and schemed for! Everything save herself. And she was not absolutely necessary to his success or his happiness, but having once denied him herself he desired her all the more; he longed to humble her absolutely in the dust, to feel absolute power over her, to hurt and crush and destroy her proud spirit, and own her body and soul!

"You know my terms," he said, scarcely concealing the satisfaction in his voice; "and I must ask you for a definite reply, one way or the other. Do you accept or refuse?"

"Have mercy, have pity!"

"Mercy! Pity!" he repeated mockingly. "What mercy did you show me in Paris? You made your terms then and I accepted them. Now I make mine, and you, if you are wise, will accept." He laughed lightly and strolled across the room and lit the candles. It was already growing dusk.

"One would think I was asking something terrible of you," he continued. "I only ask my wife to give me what other wives often give their husbands—a share in their property—and to behave as other wives generally behave. Above all not to make a fuss. I hate a fuss!"

He crossed the window and began to lower the blinds. Violet watched him with staring eyes and pale lips. She tried to speak but no words came.

"God help me!" she moaned.

Suddenly the front door bell clanged loudly, and at the same moment Templeton started and jumped back with an oath. He stood an instant staring out into the twilight with fear and horror written plainly on his face; then he tore the curtains across and held them tightly together.

"Did you—did you see it?" he whispered.

"See it—what?"

With an effort he pulled himself together.

"Only a face, someone's face at the window staring into the room. Perhaps it was my imagination, but I thought—I could have sworn—"

His face had grown white and his swaggering confidence had left him.

"One of the servants, I suppose," he said, after a few moments; "or a tramp seeing what he can steal. Now then," he continued, more roughly and with some excitement, "have you made up your mind? I can't stop here all night. Yes, or no?"

"I tell you I will give you anything and everything," she moaned, "but the impossible! I cannot love you, I do not love you. Be generous, leave me to go my way in life, lonely and hard though it be; take all else, but leave me alone!"

"I'll leave all else, but I'll take you!" he said fiercely, advancing where she stood trembling in the shadow. "I want you just because you hate me, just because you refused to give yourself to me, just because you were so cold and proud on our wedding-day! I don't forget, and I don't forgive. I want all, or nothing; and if it's nothing, you know the result!"

"Love is so different with us women," she wailed, speaking as much to herself as to her husband, and staring with large, frightened eyes into space. "It's such a little thing to you men, a passing fancy, a few moments of sunshine, a plaything of an hour or of a day. But it's our whole existence, it's life or death with us—it is sacred!"

Templeton caught her roughly in his arms; her words only increased his determination and his passion.

"I want all, I demand all! I want you, my wife—now!"

Violet swayed to and fro, stretched out her arms blindly, and then, half swooning in his grasp, cried, closing her eyes like one waiting for death:

"Give me that letter—and take me—your wife!"

With a low, exulting cry Templeton crushed her in his arms. At the same moment a quick step sounded along the passage, the study door was violently burst open, and Lord Arthur Gorham strode into the room.

THIRTY-THIRD CHAPTER. The Unseen Visitor.

THE moment he heard the door open Templeton turned swiftly, the blood left his face, and fear shone in his eyes where a second ago revenge had lingered.

But when he saw who his visitor was the colour returned to his cheeks, and hate took the place of fear, and he gave a short, derisive laugh. He glanced at his wife lying heavily in his arms, and he saw that she had fainted; he did not release his hold, but pressed her still tighter to his body, and stared mockingly at Gorham.

"You have come to apologise, I presume?" he said slowly. "I regret I cannot receive your apology now, I am engaged. Perhaps to-morrow—"

"I have not come to apologise!"

Gorham spoke very quietly, but there was a peculiar ring in his voice.

"Indeed! Perhaps you will kindly inform me what you have come for?"

There was a moment's silence; the two men looked steadily at one another for a while, then their eyes with one accord sought the face of the unconscious woman.

It was hardly necessary to ask why Lord Arthur had come. "I came," he said sternly, "in case"—he hesitated a moment—"in case she who has the misfortune to bear your name, needed a friend's help and a friend's protection."

"How kind of you! Well, doubtless by this time your eyesight has proved beyond doubt that she needs nothing of the

sort, as you will observe she is well protected by my arms, which are strong enough to also protect her honour as well as my own."

"Your honour! Why play with words before me, Templeton? We know each other now. You are perfectly well aware that I love Violet, have always loved her, and that I have never wronged her in thought or word. And I know that you won her by lying treachery, but won her only in name. I know that you are nothing but a schemer, a charlatan, an unprincipled scoundrel!"

"Thanks!" Templeton replied drily. "If you have quite finished, perhaps you will kindly leave the room. Perhaps you will kindly leave my house and leave me alone with my wife!"

"Your wife! She never really has been, and never shall be your wife!"

Templeton laughed loudly, and bent his head close to Violet's white face.

"She is mine absolutely! I discovered in time the game of friendship you played and saved her from—"

"Be careful what you say, I am not to be crossed lightly."

"Nor I! I've asked you once to leave the house. I shall not ask you again. I shall put you out!"

Gorham smiled, whilst his eyes flashed.

"I regret I cannot leave the house, though it is your house, until I am perfectly satisfied that Sir Hubert Dreighton's daughter is safe, and as happy as it is possible to be whilst under your roof. At present she is fainting. If you will release her, and help to restore her to consciousness, and permit her to tell me that you are not forcing her to do anything against her will by threatening an innocent man's life, I will certainly go away and apologise if I have misjudged you."

"I want no apologies, I want no pretty speeches. Go, and go quickly!"

"I refuse to leave this room until I have spoken to your wife!"

"You fool!" Templeton sneered. "You will never speak to her again, you will never see her again. To-morrow we go away, start on a fresh wedding tour, and when we return you will not be here. All the Castle Cowan estate is mine now, all mine, and therefore you, who were Sir Hubert's tenant, become my tenant, and I'm going to turn you out—do you hear, turn you out!"

"Oh, no, you're not!" replied Gorham confidently. "Brag, bluster, and bully may frighten women and servants, but it doesn't frighten me! You've gone a step too far, you've outraged justice in your greed for gain, and justice is always avenged. I warned you, that day we met in the fields, that Fate was watching you, and would demand payment of your debts. Even now she is waiting outside, waiting unseen by you!"

"Waiting outside—unseen—" Templeton repeated the words with a return of fear in his voice, and glanced nervously over his shoulder at the curtained windows.

"Don't speak in enigmas!" he said roughly. "Who is waiting outside?"

"Fate! Come with me, and pay your debt! It's a debt only blood can satisfy. I promised Violet this morning I'd let you go free, but God help me, I shall break my promise unless you instantly release her!"

"And I have warned you that unless you instantly quit my house I shall kick you out!"

"I shall not go, and you will not kick me out. Six months ago, by a clever ruse and a lie, you stole Violet from me, you carried her away and locked her in her boudoir, and then forced her to promise to marry you. But you don't steal her from me again, and though she can never be my wife whilst you live, I swear she shall be nothing to you—nothing, nothing!"

Gorham's anger and just hate were conquering all other feelings; his blood was on fire, he longed to seize Templeton, tear Violet from his arms, and thrash him until he had strength to thrash no longer!

"I warn you," Templeton said between his teeth, "if I unclasp my arms from round my wife it will be to fasten them round your throat."

"Good!"

"Are you going?"

"No!"

In an instant Templeton swung Violet round, dropped her into the deep armchair by his side, and then sprang swiftly at Gorham.

They closed, looked for the space of one moment into each other's eyes.

"It's your life or mine," whispered Templeton.

Gorham laughed.

"Oh, no; I think I'll keep my promise and spare your wretched life; I'll only thrash you like I would an ill-behaved cur."

His arms, straining like steel bands, tightened their grip, and silently the two men swayed to and fro.

THIRTY-FOURTH CHAPTER.

The Fight.

SILENTLY the two men struggled! Templeton's mouth was tightly closed, and his face grew distorted with rage and hate. Gorham, on the other hand, smiled, a cold, confident smile, and he kept his eyes fastened on his opponent's eyes.

At first they did not move from their original position, only their bodies swayed to and fro, but gradually Templeton forced Gorham away from the door towards the big chair where Violet still lay unconscious, until his body was pressing against it; then, using all his strength, he tried to force him backwards across the arm of the chair.

"Take care," Gorham whispered. "Take care lest we hurt her."

"You mean you haven't the strength or pluck to fight—"

Lord Arthur Gorham suddenly loosed his hold of Templeton, and then, seizing him by the throat, hurled him across the room. He gave a rapid glance at Violet; her eyelids flickered, she sighed and stirred.

Consciousness was returning! She would wake to find her husband and her friend fighting together like two animals, careless of her presence, careless of her feelings!

"Let us stop this folly, Templeton," he said huskily. "Another time, another day—not now, not here!"

"So you've had enough already! But I've not done with you yet—"

"For her sake let us remember we are men, not beasts, even though we've already forgotten we are gentlemen!"

Templeton glared with bloodshot eyes at Gorham, and crept slowly towards him.

"Coward!" he hissed, "Coward!"

"Since you will have it!" cried Gorham, "look to yourself."

They closed again, and now each man put forward his utmost strength; backwards and forwards they swayed, to and fro; first one side of the room, then the other, Gorham trying to keep away from Violet, and Templeton apparently doing his best to force him to that end of the room.

The confident smile still lingered on Gorham's lips, but there was also determination there, together with hate and scorn.

A look of fear gradually began to creep into Templeton's face as he realised that he had met his match. And as fear came, his courage—such as it was, the courage of a bully—began to leave him, and his strength. He felt that he could not hold out much longer, that in a minute or two he would be at Gorham's mercy, unless—

He tried to free himself, and catch his opponent by the throat. Once his hands were there he would never leave go until he had choked his life away, but Gorham held him in a vice, and he could not get free.

"All right," he said huskily, panting for breath, "let us cease this fooling—before she sees us—this has gone far enough."

"Too late," muttered Lord Arthur Gorham, "the fooling has ceased; we're in earnest now. Surely you are not afraid!"

"Afraid? No—"

He made a final and desperate effort to throw Gorham, but failed, and the latter, with a quick movement, lifted Templeton clean off his feet and hurled him to the ground. He fell with a crash, and in falling his head struck the wrought-iron bars of the fender.

He lay quite still where he had fallen, one hand beat the ground convulsively for a few seconds, but when that ceased there was not a movement. Gorham watched and waited, expecting him to speak or rise, but, when he did neither, he bent down, and he saw a thin, red stream of blood trickling from his temple.

With an exclamation of horror he knelt by his side and felt for his heart; as he did so a moan from the chair where Violet lay arrested him. Jumping quickly to his feet, he was by her side in an instant.

She was regaining consciousness!

With a hurried glance at the prostrate figure on the floor, he took Violet in his arms, and carried her out of the study into the drawing-room, and, laying her on the sofa, rang the bell.

"Tell Jenkins that Mrs. Templeton wishes her to go at once to Castle Cowan; she is going to pass the night there, and will require her services."

The butler bowed and withdrew.

Violet stirred and stretched out her hands.

"What has happened, what are you going to do?" she moaned. "Don't take me away—I don't love you—take everything else."

"Hush, little girl, hush," he whispered, kneeling beside her. "You are going home—you are safe!"

"No, no! I don't trust you—I can't trust you!"

"Don't be afraid—it is I, your friend, Arthur Gorham!"

She stared at him questioningly, and then fell back on the cushions and closed her eyes, whispering weakly:

"Take me home—save me!"

Gorham crossed to the window and pulled aside the blind. It was quite dark outside now; how could he take her to the Castle? He hardly dare ring and order the carriage, the servants scarcely knew him, and Templeton might recover, and—

The thought made his heart give a sudden leap, and then a sudden instant's stop.

Would Templeton recover—would he ever move or speak again?

Had he killed him?

He had half a mind to go back to the study and make sure; it was his duty to go back, and if his enemy were only stunned and hurt, to administer to and help him. Yet he dared not leave Violet, dared not leave her a single instant. He must see her safe in her house, leave her with those who would love and protect her, then he would return to Haydon Lodge and face the worst.

If he had killed him! Well, at least Violet would be free, and Reggie would be free—and after all what did his own life matter? And Templeton's blood was on his own head.

He stepped quietly into the hall, put on his cap, and then returning to the drawing-room, gently picked Violet up and carried her away, out into the garden, down the garden over the stile across the fields towards the Castle.

Her weight he scarcely noticed, it was such joy to hold her in his arms, to see her little face so close to his, a little white face silhouetted against the surrounding darkness; now and then he felt her warm breath fan his cheek, now and then a sigh escaped her, a few incoherent words.

The wind murmured softly in the trees and rustled the new-born leaves in the hedgerows; the stars peeped from the deep blue sky, and the far-distant sound of a rippling stream broke the evening's calm silence.

Gorham was conscious of all these things, and in the pleasure of them he forgot his late struggle, his bitter anger, and the still, blood-stained figure on the floor at Haydon Lodge.

Presently, when he saw the lights of the old building twinkling ahead, he unconsciously slackened his speed.

Perhaps it was the last time he would see Violet, the last time he would touch her, certainly the last time he would ever hold her in his arms.

And for once he railed against Fate, for an instant he refused to submit to the inevitable.

Why should Violet be bound to a man she hated, a man who had stolen her with a lie? Why should he be denied the right to protect and love her, since she loved him?

Why? There was no reason! Justice indeed was blind, and Fate cruel. There was no reason why he should not take the woman he loved away from the man who had no

moral right to her, no moral claim on her! He loved her and she loved him, and love was all in all!

He stood still and looked at her.

Now was the moment to take her away, far away to a distant land, where they would find peace and happiness. Now, whilst she lay childlike in his arms—now, whilst she was his—

Now! He glanced up at the sky, and it seemed as if God's face flashed for an instant across the blue, star-spangled expanse.

He dropped his eyes, ashamed, and whispered under his breath: "Forgive me, I forgot!"

As he entered the drive and approached the front door he carefully slid Violet on to her feet, still holding her in his arms.

"Try to walk," he said, "lest you alarm your father. It is not far, only a few steps."

"Where am I—where have you brought me?" she murmured in a dazed voice.

"Home," he replied softly.

Slowly he led her into the hall; at the dining-room door Blois met them; he started in surprise.

"Good evening, my lord; Sir Hubert's gone to bed," he said, turning to Violet. "I don't think he expected you, ma'am, so late."

"Don't disturb him," Gorham replied. "Mrs. Templeton is going to stay here to-night; will you order her room to be prepared at once? Jenkins will come directly."

He took Violet into the dining-room and made her drink a little brandy; then he waited with her until Jenkins came.

"Will you tell me what has happened," she asked, "and why I am here and what he is doing?"

"You must ask no questions to-night," he replied. "Just go to bed, your own little bed in your own little room, and sleep! Promise me you will sleep and not think; to-morrow you shall know everything."

"But to-night, there is something I want to know to-night, something I must know, and I can't remember—I can't—"

"You must remember nothing," he said, ringing for Jenkins. "All will be well to-morrow; believe me, all will be well. And soon, perhaps quite soon, Reggie—"

The maid entered the room, and he broke off suddenly, but Violet started up and whispered nervously:

"I remember—the letter, get the letter! Don't let him use the letter—Reggie's letter!"

"I will get it for you," he said.

He watched her out of sight from the foot of the winding staircase, then he strode out into the night again over the fields, back to the Lodge.

Violet's last words rang in his ears: "Get the letter—Reggie's letter!"

He had promised to do so, and it might be easy to keep, his promise—too easy! It might mean robbing a dead man! But if the blow had only stunned him, if he had recovered, recovered to find his wife gone, and Gorham?

He strode forward still quicker.

Whatever had happened he had to face it; and if it were life not death he found, who could tell but that ere day broke death would not win in the end?

The Lodge was in darkness, the front door closed. He walked round the garden to the study windows; a faint light filtered through the curtains.

Had the servants all gone to bed, believing Templeton to be working in his study?

Gorham felt almost afraid, afraid of what those draws curtains hid!

Slowly now he walked back to the front door, he tried the handle. To his surprise the door opened, it was not locked. There was no light in the hall, but he cautiously felt his way to the study. Then he hesitated.

"Whatever the end," he murmured, "God grant I find him alive!"

He knocked, once, twice.

There was no reply.

With his heart beating quickly, beating loudly, he entered, and glanced with a mixture of hope and fear on the floor by the fireside, then as quickly round the room, everywhere!

It was empty. Templeton had disappeared!

THIRTY-FIFTH CHAPTER.

Margaret de Fèvre Makes a Move.

"SOMETHING is wrong with her; something very serious is wrong with her, and I am going to find out what it is!"

Thus spake Monsieur Twirlorum, the human snake, in his dressing-room at the Alhambra; he spoke to himself; indeed, it was seldom he ever spoke to anyone else, his limber art seemed to have dried up his conversational powers and given him a certain queer resemblance to the oviparian creatures he imitated.

Monsieur Twirlorum originally started life as the Thinnest Man in the World, which, if considered as an occupation, is decidedly depressing and monotonous; but once (as he con-

(Continued on page 769.)

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"A Girl Commands the Ship" is a complete story by Halliwell Sutcliffe in the May ROYAL.

BURSTS OF SUNSHINE.

SIGNATURES made with lead pencil are good in law.
TURKEY now exports £600,000 worth of opium a year.
A MAN is generally at his heaviest in his fortieth year.
A HORSE has been known to jump thirty-seven feet in a steeplechase.
SCOTLAND has 146 parishes without paupers, poor rates, or public-houses.
TRIAL by jury in Britain dates from the reign of Ethelred I., 866-871 A.D.
OVER one-third of the land in Great Britain is owned by members of the House of Lords.
IN Great Britain fifteen per cent. of the street-lamps are fitted with incandescent mantles.
SNOTS, llamas, and certain birds—notably some species of parrots—rarely, if ever, drink.
THE United States received from Germany during the nineteenth century 5,079,362 immigrants.
IT is estimated that the consumption of meat in England aggregates 113 pounds a head per year.

SEVEN hundred British subjects are yearly born at sea.
THERE are over 21,000 stitches in an ordinary white shirt.
ITALY makes eight million a year out of foreign visitors.
NEARLY 500 different kinds of tiny shells go to make up chalk.
THERE are nearly 650,000 women dressmakers in the United Kingdom.
THE income of the Pope last year reached the respectable total of £870,000.
SOLDIERS in the Italian army are allowed cigars as part of their daily rations.
A FRENCH physiologist has discovered that nearly all criminals have large ears.
WHEN a storm is approaching, glowworms are far more brilliant than at other times.
IN Cairo the proportion of blind people to the population is one to every twenty residents.
A WOMAN without arms has been married at Christchurch, New Zealand. The ring was placed upon the fourth toe of her left foot.

THE better class of Japanese take a warm bath every day.
HONEY will turn to wax if left untouched for some years.
IN the British Army 90,000 men have good conduct badges.
THE army of the little Republic of San Marino numbers only forty officers and men.
AN eagle can live twenty days without food, and a condor forty days.
CONSUMPTIVES are not admitted as guests to some of the hotels in America.
THE chance of two finger-prints being alike is not one in sixty-four billions.
THE King is the first British monarch to play golf since the days of James II.
THERE are sixty Irish peers who are not entitled to seats in the House of Lords.
SEVEN out of every eight loaves of bread eaten in London are made from foreign wheat.
THE long tails of the Shah of Persia's horses are dyed crimson for six inches at their tips—a jealously guarded privilege of the ruler and his sons.



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His WIFE—could eat no lean;
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If your Digestion is Weak or Deranged take Guy's Tonic. It cures habitual Stomach Weakness, improves Appetite, Digestion, and Nutrition, and never fails to quickly restore Strength and Vitality to the entire System.

Ensure perfect Digestion and Assimilation of Food, and the Body will be sustained in a state of vigorous Health and Strength. Allow Digestion to become deranged, and not only is the whole System starved of Nutriment, but the undigested Food clogs the Intestines, and, by decomposing, generates foul gases, pollutes the Blood, and is a hindrance to the efficient working of every Organ in the Body. Indigestion is the cause of Weight, Fulness, Stuffiness, and Drowsiness after eating, Headaches, Wind, Heartburn, Sickness, and Palpitation. It destroys the Appetite, makes Eating a task, Depresses the Spirits, makes work harder to do, and robs pleasure of its enjoyment.

As a remedy for these disagreeable symptoms of Weak Digestion, nothing has proved so successful in practice as Guy's Tonic. It actually assists in the process of Digestion, and at the same time tones up and strengthens the Stomach until this Organ has regained the power to perform its functions naturally. Guy's Tonic is prompt and certain in its effects, is remarkably successful in cases that have resisted all other treatment, and better still, the good results from its use are permanent.

Guy's Tonic contains thirty-six valuable ingredients of purely Vegetable origin, elegantly compounded under the direct supervision of a skilled Pharmacist. It is particularly pleasant to take, and may be safely prescribed to the most delicate patient. Guy's Tonic creates Appetite, aids Digestion, prevents Distress after Meals, corrects Biliousness, unfailingly cures Indigestion, and its numerous effects. Being also a Nerve Restorative, the most implicit confidence may be placed in Guy's Tonic for restoring Nervous and Debilitated Constitutions, removing Brain Weariness, Languor, Despondency and Exhaustion. The first few doses impart a feeling of elasticity and Strength that denotes great improvement in the Health. You are urged to give it a trial—it never disappoints.

"I am Better than I have been for Years."

J. C. Dixon, Esq., of 15 Cable Street, Liverpool, writes on March 5, 1903:—"I write to inform you that Guy's Tonic has proved successful in my case. I was troubled with Indigestion for two years, and for the last six months I have had Indigestion, Nervousness, and very Low Spirits. I consulted two Doctors, but neither did me any permanent good. I was then tempted to try a bottle of Guy's Tonic, and can honestly say it has made a different man of me altogether; I am better than I have been for years. I have recommended it to many others; I may say with equally good results."

"A Few Doses of Guy's Tonic soon Build Me Up."

Miss L. Holdom, of 14 Crawford Street, Wolverhampton, writes on November 29th, 1902:—"I feel I cannot praise Guy's Tonic enough for the good it has done me. Until I tried it over twelve months ago, I was half dead with Indigestion and a dreadful pain in my side. I was always Doctoring, but since taking Guy's Tonic I have needed no Doctor. When I feel myself getting 'low' a few doses of Guy's Tonic soon build me up."

"The Pain I Suffered was Something Fearful."

Mr. J. Surrage, of West Duddingston, Portobello, N.B., writes on March 30th, 1903:—"I am truly thankful to say that Guy's Tonic has cured me of a very bad case of Indigestion. The pain I suffered was something fearful, and was always worse about two hours and a half after meals. That was ten months ago, and as I have not had any return of the symptoms since, I am very thankful I used Guy's Tonic."

Guy's Tonic is a British preparation of purely Vegetable origin. It is employed with excellent results in Hospital practice, and is widely recommended by Medical Men. A Six Ounce Bottle of Guy's Tonic, price 1s. 1½d., is on Sale at all Chemists and Stores.

LIFE'S GREAT HANDICAP (continued from page 768)

passed to Margaret de Fèvre in a rare conversational moment of confidence) during a fit of absent-mindedness he sat down on the wrong side of his body with his face where the back of his head, and his toes where his heels ought to have been.

"People were amused," he said mournfully; "so since then I've spent my life trying my india-rubber limbs into knots and imitating the animal that upset man's apple-cart in the year One."

Margaret was about the only woman in the theatre he condescended to speak to; he had a general grievance because he could never keep a chair in his dressing-room; no matter how many times it was replaced, it was always taken away with the remark from an irreverent dresser or ballet girl: "Oh, Twirlorum can tie himself into a knot and sit on it! What does he want with a chair?"

So Margaret had sent him one of hers, one of her very own big basket chairs; no one dared take that, and his india-rubber heart inside his india-rubber body had melted, and since then he often used to come to her room whilst she waited for her turn and stand and stare at her in silence, but a silence he contrived to fill with a certain humble admiration and respect which was new to Margaret de Fèvre.

For some weeks of late Monsieur Twirlorum had noticed a change in her; he sometimes curled himself up in the wings and watched her dance, and he began to realise she danced differently!

The abandon, the fire, the madness and wild exulting joy in the poetry of frilled-motion were leaving her.

And he wondered if the audience noticed it, if the management noticed it!

Was she growing old? He stared at her more than ever. No, she was not growing old, whatever her age was. Then she was ill! Twirlorum was very upset and anxious for some time, then he summoned up courage to knock at her dressing-room door one evening directly she had finished her dance, carrying his chair with him.

Planting it close to hers—he could not well do otherwise owing to the size of the room—he slipped silently into it and partially disappeared from sight among the cushions.

"I want to talk to you, beautiful lady," he said slowly, fixing her with his little glittering eyes.

"I'm always glad when you come and talk to me, Twirly," she replied with an attempt at a smile. "You somehow talk differently from all the others; in fact, do you know, you are about the only person now who doesn't bore me!"

The human snake gave a short laugh, which sounded like the horn of a motor-car a long distance off.

"That's funny!" he said, wriggling with pleasure, and nervously lifting up a corner of the imitation tiger skin between his toes.

"That's funny, but perhaps," he added dimly, "it's because I seldom do talk."

"Never mind, Twirly, you look, and you look kinder speeches than most men I know make."

"I never made a speech in my life, but I want to now."

Margaret dropped the lace fichu she was playing with and stared in surprise at as much of the human snake as was visible.

"You want to make a speech—about what, to whom?"

"About you, my beautiful lady, and to you! I have noticed a change gradually coming over you; you are not the same woman you used to be; you are ill."

Margaret was silent a moment.

"True, I have changed lately," she whispered presently.

"But I hoped no one noticed it."

"Perhaps no one has noticed but myself."

"Why should you alone?"

Monsieur Twirlorum wriggled still further into the depths of his chair, trying to hide himself altogether.

"I wonder why?" he said meditatively. "I wonder why I should have noticed. I don't generally notice anything except my own ugliness; and I've noticed that, too, more than ever lately—perhaps because I've been looking so much at you!"

Margaret sighed.

"Will you tell me," he continued shyly, "what's the matter? I know it's impudent of me to ask, and all that; you see I've no education and I've never mixed with ordinary people, and so I don't know how they behave. I don't know anything, but I feel you want something, you're unhappy, ill! Now, if you'd let me help you—" he broke off embarrassed, and, twisting his head round, looked down the middle of his back to avoid seeing her face.

"I think I want someone's help," Margaret said under her breath, looking at the little misshapen figure in the chair.

"I think I want someone's sympathy. I used to want it, long ago; but, so far, I've done without. Now I don't believe I can do without any longer; and there is no one who can help me or sympathise with me; no one at all!"

"Don't say that; there's not much of me, I know," and what there is isn't of any account, but I want to help and sympathise, if you'll let me. Will you let me?"

Monsieur Twirlorum fixed his eyes on Margaret de Fèvre again; a light shone in them that had never shone there before.

It was a long time before she spoke, and when she did speak she could hardly restrain the emotion in her voice.

"You are very good, and you shall help me," she said. "At least, I will unburden myself to you, and that does help—to tell just one single human being one's thoughts and feelings; I've never done such a thing since I was a girl—a foolish, trusting girl. I trust no one now, perhaps that's why I am so lonely."

"You can trust me," murmured Twirlorum, "because they say I ain't hardly human!"

"It's very weak of me," continued Margaret, "but I have become weak lately."

"Perhaps you want someone to take care of you, someone to look after you to—"

"Yes, I think that is just what I do want," said Margaret dreamily.

The Human Snake started and uncoiled himself whilst his pale face flushed.

"You mean—?"

She laughed, and, rising, faced her mirror.

"I mean that I'm in love!"

(Another instalment next week.)



reader whose inquiry is dealt with on this page. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES PAGE.

To Clean Glass Globes. Rub inside with powdered pumice stone, rinse, and polish with a cloth.

Add a Pinch of Salt to every tumblerful of milk, this makes the milk more easily digested and palatable.

To Beat the White of an Egg so that it will be stiff, be sure then the basin or plate is perfectly dry. If the process is carried out in the open air it is quicker.

Potato Rolls. When mashed potato is left over from the table, add one or two eggs according to quantity; a little salt, pepper, butter and flour. Mix into small balls and bake for three-quarters of an hour on a buttered pan. These rolls make a cheap and nice breakfast relish. (Reply to BURNBIDE.)

Farm-house Cheesecakes. Take a pint and milk and curdle with a teaspoonful of rennet. Break the curd with a wooden spoon and drain the whey from it; add to the curd one well-beaten egg, a dessert-spoonful of brandy, a tablespoonful of sugar, currants and chopped candied peel to taste. Use this as any other cheesecake mixture. (Reply to ELLIE.)

When Storing Heavy Curtains for the summer I always follow this method, and never have a moth: Have the curtains brushed, look them over carefully, and take out any spots with benzoline. Fold neatly, having a sheet of newspaper in each fold, so that two thicknesses of curtains do not touch. Scatter insect powder or a few drops of turpentine on the outside papers. Wrap the parcel in any old wrapper or mere newspaper. Moths dislike the printers' ink in the paper and will not approach it. (Reply to M. WEST.)

Genoise Pastry. Take a quarter of a pound of fresh butter, put it in a bowl, warm it slightly so that it can be beaten with a spoon; add to it four ounces of caster sugar, then beat together four eggs (one at a time), beating till all is smooth. Lastly, sift in quickly a quarter of a pound of pastry flour, and directly all is quite smooth, pour it out to the thickness of half an inch on a buttered flat tin and bake at once. When cooked turn out the pastry and let it cool, underside uppermost, on a sieve. (Reply to S. H.)

To Egg and Breadcrumbs Fish. First have your bread-crumbs, either fresh or dried, put on a piece of kitchen paper, and a good quantity is necessary. Break an egg on to a plate and whip it till nicely mixed but not very frothy. With a fork put the fish on the plate, turn it over so that it is coated with the egg; let any superfluous drain off. Then put the fish on the breadcrumbs and cover it thoroughly, shaking the crumbs on, press gently with the hand, and drop into perfectly boiling deep fat and fry till a golden brown colour. Any breadcrumbs left over can be saved for another day, and when deep fat is used it is less wasteful than shallow. (Reply to C. S. W.)

Reader, Do You Cycle? In that charming ladies' paper, HOME NOTES, for April 30th, you will see a very interesting article dealing with a good cycling neighbourhood in which to spend a summer holiday. Perhaps you do not know how superb the French roads are, and in no part of that favoured land are they in better condition or better adapted for cyclists than in the valley of the Loire. It is not hilly, the distance from one point of interest to another is short, and the roads are of the hardness and evenness of a billiard table. From Orleans to Nantes it is quite easy to make a run, carrying a few necessities with you, and sending on by train your heavier luggage. You can thus take a very enjoyable week or fortnight's trip. Should you require further particulars about your cycling tour, by sending six stamps and a stamped addressed envelope information will be sent to you by the author of these Tourist Notes, who will be pleased to help you in the matter. The money inclosed is given to the Fresh Air Fund and acknowledged in HOME NOTES.

Remove Warts by rubbing several times with onion dipped in salt.

Cockroaches dislike turpentine, so sprinkle it freely where they congregate, and they will soon disappear.

Clean Horsehair Cushions by brushing well. Then dissolve a little ammonia in hot water, wring a cloth out in it so that it is rather dry and with it rub the cushions along, and not across the grain.

Silver in Daily Use may be kept very bright if allowed to soak in strong borax water for four or five hours occasionally. The water must be perfectly boiling when it is poured over the plate. This simple hint will save much elbow grease.

This Label Paste will, I hope, suit your purpose and stick on the tin. Take four ounces of flour and mix it with an ounce and a half of brown sugar, work it into a smooth cream with cold water, and then pour boiling water on it and stir over the fire for a few minutes. Add seven or eight drops of carbolic acid and it will be ready for use. (Reply to WAKEFIELD.)

To Cook Californian Plums. Take the quantity of plums you wish to use, put them in a small basin, and add sufficient cold water to cover. Stand till next day, then drain off the water into an enamelled sauce-pan, add a strip of lemon peel, a few drops of cochineal, a little bit of cinnamon and loaf sugar to taste. Let all boil fast till the sugar is dissolved and the syrup flavoured. The cochineal will have turned to a nice brownish shade by boiling. Strain off the juice, add the plums, and simmer very slowly (not boil) till cooked. (Reply to N. J.)

Hake Chowder is a good dish. Take two pounds and a half of the middle cut of hake, cut into pieces about two inches square, with a large onion and about half a pound of lean bacon. Take a china-lined stew-pan of a shallow make and arrange in it a layer of fish, then a layer of bacon cut small, and on this a layer of lightly-fried onion. Repeat these layers till the materials are all used up. Cover with skim milk and simmer all very gently for twenty minutes. Remove all the fish very carefully and place it in a vegetable dish. Keep hot while you thicken and season the milk. Pour the sauce over the fish, scatter chopped parsley over, and serve nice and hot. (Reply to Z. Y. X.)

To Renovate Cane Chairs. Of course, you can clean the cane chairs at home; it is no difficult matter: Wash the seats well with soap and hot water—not soda, for it makes them yellow. Turn the chair upside down, wet the seat well on the inner side, push the bulge to the right side, and leave to dry. If not quite tight, repeat the process. Should the canes be much discoloured, wash them over with a weak solution of vitriol and water. Dry in a shady place. Good drying weather should be chosen for washing the chairs; or, if done in winter, dry before a fire, with the legs and under side of the seat towards the fire. It is a great mistake to allow the canes to get very dirty before attending to them. (Reply to F. L. NOAKES.)

Tenby Cream. How will this do for your little party? Put into a saucepan a pint of milk, half a pound of lump sugar, the grated rind of three lemons, and one ounce of gelatine, previously soaked in a little water. Dissolve all these over the fire; then let the mixture cool for a short time, and stir in the yolks of three eggs, which are not to be beaten, and place it on the fire to curdle. Afterwards strain, and when cool add the juice of the three lemons and the whites of the eggs, beaten to a stiff froth. Stir all quickly together and pour into a wet mould. When turned out the effect of this sweet is exceedingly pretty. The bottom half will be of the consistence and colour of a lemon jelly and the top half will be a white, spongy cream. (Reply to X., LIVERPOOL.)

Coltsfoot Wine. Boil one gallon of water with moist sugar and the beaten white of an egg for forty minutes. Have a quarter of a peck of freshly gathered coltsfoot flowers, one pound of raisins, stoned and chopped in a pan, and pour the boiling liquor over them. Cover the vessel closely and let the ingredients infuse for three days, stirring twice daily. Then add a tablespoonful of good yeast, keeping the wine well mixed, and cover closely till it has worked freely. New strain the liquor into a cask, add half an ounce or more of bruised ginger, and the rind of half a Seville orange. Let it remain open, only covering the bung-hole with a tile, until the wine has ceased fermenting. Add a quarter of a pint of brandy and cork the cask securely. If possible keep the wine for twelve months in the cask before bottling it. (Reply to WEST DULWICH.)

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HOLIDAYS FOR 1903.	1903. JAN.	FEBRUARY.	MARCH.	APRIL.	MAY.	JUNE.
Good Friday . . . April 18.	M 4 11 18 25	M 3 8 15 22	M 1 8 15 22	M 5 12 19 26	M 4 11 18 25	M 8 15 22 29
Easter Monday . . . April 12.	T 5 12 19 26	T 9 16 23	T 2 9 16 23	T 6 13 20 27	T 5 12 19 26	T 9 16 23 30
Whitsun Monday . . . June 1.	W 7 14 21 28	W 4 11 18 25	W 4 11 18 25	W 1 8 15 22	W 6 13 20 27	W 3 10 17 24
Bank Holiday . . . August 1.	T 8 15 22 29	T 5 12 19 26	T 2 9 16 23	T 6 13 20 27	T 5 12 19 26	T 9 16 23 30
Christmas Day . . . December 25.	F 1 8 15 22 29	F 6 13 20 27	F 3 10 17 24	F 7 14 21 28	F 4 11 18 25	F 8 15 22 29
Boxing Day . . . December 26.	S 2 9 16 23 30	S 7 14 21 28	S 4 11 18 25	S 8 15 22 29	S 5 12 19 26	S 9 16 23 30

We Know—We Tell.

A penknife will be awarded to each person whose letter is dealt with on this page, or whose suggestion for a title is used.

AN enormous amount of interest has been excited among our readers by the fact that Earl Poulett has joined the staff of P.W. As one correspondent remarks, there are very few papers which can boast so aristocratic a staff man. As we have already mentioned, articles are to appear in our columns at short intervals from the pen of the Earl. This week Earl Poulett describes his experiences as a "rescued" London destitute, and how he fared at the charitable hands of his benefactors. By a curious coincidence, the very night of this adventure of our noble contributor, Mr. P. Doubleyou was undergoing a similar experience in New York. When he landed, the possessor of about ten pounds, he discovered to his horror that one of his emigrant friends had trespassed on his pocket and disappeared with his entire funds, save a few cents. Mr. P. Doubleyou was therefore actually compelled to seek out the hospitality of the city for the night of his arrival. From the story, which will appear in due course, you will learn how New York deals with her destitute population, and will see that, after all, things are very much the same as in the case of our own city, save for an occasional touch of Yankee humour, which you cannot escape even in the serious enterprises of our Transatlantic cousins.

"WHAT is the Scottish name for an isthmus?" is the extraordinary thrust which J. S. launches at me. "I have been puzzling my brains for eighteen years trying to answer this."—I really think J. S. ought to take up ping-pong, or the £5 a Week for Life competition. Eighteen years is a long time to give to considering any problem. The Scottish are a noble race, but I do not know that they think it worth while to call an isthmus anything else but an isthmus. It is from a Greek word, and when classic expressions are used in England they are usually regarded as suitable for Scotland.

THIS week there are twenty-five little penknives awaiting the twenty-five readers who send me in on the back of a postcard the shortest and best sentences containing every letter of the alphabet. Address your attempts to the ALPHABET EDITOR, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and these must reach me not later than by first post Tuesday, May 5th.

G.H.T. asks: "Can animals of one species understand and interpret the cries of another?"—No doubt they associate with certain sounds definite ideas. But as we do not know ourselves whether there is any coherency in the noises animals make it would be rather presumptuous to talk of one species recognising the speech of another. In 1803, however, a presumptuous but very clever German published in Vienna a work on the language of animals, with a vocabulary and translations into German. He believed that every species had its own language complete to the extent of its special necessities, and he supposed that a zebra, for instance, would be able to understand an ass more readily than a horse, since it is more nearly related to the former.

"Do Americans regard a twang as vulgar," asks A. K., "in the same way as educated Britons regard that of the cockney?"—The Americans, so far as my experience goes, try to pronounce the English language accurately. Save in certain words, the average New Yorker, Bostonian, or Philadelphian speaks very much the same as the educated Briton. There is a difference in inflection, but then the language has grown up over there under different circumstances. Certain New England districts possess the nasal twang which we call Yankee, but it is no more universal than are some of our own dialects over here. The lower American classes pick up a strange medley of dialects. Some speak with Irish inflections, others with Dutch, while in the southern states one often hears white men talk after the manner of negroes. But the educated classes keep more or less to the "well of English undefiled."

A. S. has aspirations as a politician, but finds he cannot make a clear speech on account of nervousness. He asks me if oratory is born in a man, or if it can be acquired.—If a man distinguishes himself in any way, his gifts must be in some manner "born" in him. A beautiful voice, power of expressing thought in elegant terms, coupled with a sense of the dramatic, and the faculty of holding an audience, are, of course, traits which must be in a man's nature. But it would be ridiculous to say that one cannot acquire the art of speaking well in public. Mr. Chamberlain made a bundle of his first public speech, and Mr. Balfour was far from a good speaker when he first entered Parliament. Many authors are bad speakers—though many good speakers cannot write well. If you wish to make a local—or national—reputation in politics, you must endeavour to shape every thought with a view to its utterance on a platform. To be a good speaker is largely the result of mental practice, the habit of thinking, so to speak, in public.

R. F.—Thanks for the rats' tails. As you say, they are very nice. No, thank you, I do not really collect them myself, so cannot send you the five pounds you require.

A BUNCH OF VIOLETS.—My best thanks are due to the little friend who sent me two lovely bunches of violets. I kept them on my desk for a long time, and appreciated the breath of the country which they brought into your poor old Editor's squalid den.

M. W. D. sends me the following suggestion for the benefit of those possessed with a craving for drink. "Eat plenty of raw apples and for dinner have pickled beetroots." M. W. D. says he has personally tried this, with the result that he has now been an abstainer for five years. Certainly fruit is one of the best possible rivals to alcohol, and gratifies practically the same appetite.

A MEDICO, in writing to me regarding the £5 a Week for Life competition, says, in the course of his letter: "These competitions must prove a perfect godsend to hundreds of poor wretched sufferers, who are and have been lying in bed eaten up with ennui. Personally I know of at least one case where the employment and enjoyment have had a marked effect for betterment. It seems to be a case of P.W. competitions as a remedial agent."

W. E. complains that his complexion, which was once ruddy and clear, has of late years assumed a yellowish tint. He asks me to recommend a preparation to restore it to its original colour.

I don't think you require much preparation. Recovery is more in your line. That yellowish skin arises, probably, from a disordered liver. I imagine you are not leading so regular a life as you might. Nature's only "complexion tincture" is good food, pure air, and regular habits. Try it.

D. F. wanted a loan of money the other day, and asked a wealthy friend for five pounds. The friend replied: "I never lend money, but if you want five pounds I will make you a present of that sum."

D. F. wishes to know if it would have been consistent with his dignity to accept the offer.—It depends on the spirit in which the loan was solicited. If D. F. were merely short of cash for a given time, and certain of being able to repay it, it would not have been becoming on his part to accept a gift—supposing the two men to be of equal status. If, however, D. F. were really in need of money, and did not know where or when he could repay a loan, it would perhaps be more honest and more sensible on his part to accept his friend's generosity. When one man is rich and another poor, and the former is in a position to aid others in a practical sense, it would be foolish to let pride stand in the way.

A. S. is at present working in a foundry, but has a wish to go to sea. He asks me, "Would you recommend me to try and get employment as a stoker? If so, is the work very hard, or could a fairly strong man go in for it without danger to health?"—Stokers on big ships are nearly all men who have accustomed themselves to the work since boyhood. Most of them have gone into the work after some experience of the kind ashore. If one has done hard work in a very hot temperature, and is used to the strain, the danger to health on shipboard is not great. There are on the Atlantic liners men who have been stokers for thirty-five or more years, and are as fit as ever. One gets accustomed to the ship's motion after a voyage or so, but the first few trips are usually a very great strain. However, I believe on the better ships allowances are made for novices both by officers and fellow-men. Payment usually starts at £5 a week, rising to £6, or more if the man is able to qualify for the position of junior engineer. The greatest danger to health is, I have been informed by doctors, that of drink while on shore, which really causes most of the trouble amongst firemen.

"A SPEAKER recently referred to women," writes D. J. H., "as the finest sportmen one could wish to see. Isn't there something radically wrong in the expression as applied to the female sex?"

I suppose the speaker held the word "sportsmen" as being too great and sacred to require modification when applied to the opposite sex. "Sportsman" nowadays signifies to many people the highest qualities in an individual. "Sportswoman" would limit the meaning to a fair devotee of pastimes. So let us try to forgive the eccentric reference.

"SHADOWED LIVES," the great story which ran in P.W. under the title of "Fettered Lives," is to be performed at the Dalston Theatre, London, for one week, commencing Monday, April 27th.

THIS is the time of the year when most of us begin to think of week-end trips into the country or to the seaside, and to look forward to periodical breaths of fresh, pure air. You would enjoy these excursions far more if you knew that one or more little alum children were benefiting in like manner through your generosity. Our Fresh Air Fund sends thousands of children into the country every year, and the cost per child for train fare, food, and attendance is only ninepence for one day. May we ask you to bear this in mind and to send along whatever you can spare towards giving these needful little ones one day of ineffable happiness.

C. S. D. writes: "I have seen a number of suggestions in your journal for increasing your F. A. F. Now let me show your readers how I have tried to help. I began my first contribution with 2s., and each year I add sixpence. So that my contribution for 1903 will be 4s., and I hope to be spared a good many years, and still to keep on with my increase to your most deserving fund. Now if all your contributors would do the same, beginning at the first opportunity, the funds would be considerably increased, and no one would miss an extra sixpence. Wishing you more success than ever."—This is a splendid idea, and perhaps some readers may follow the example.

THE following further amounts have come to hand for the FRESH AIR FUND:

Amount previously acknowledged, £442 12s. 4d.
W. McGowan, Jun., 1s.; H. Vilory, 2s. 6d.; Three Bells (Sale), 3s.; M. Stevenson, 1s.; H. Angell Lane, £1 1s.; A. Friend of Little Children, 2s.; A. Reader, 5s.; A. Friedman, 9d.; the Misses and Master Milnes, 6s.; Manks, 5s.; M.S.C.S. (Urnston), 2s. 6d.; Miss Paulton, 4d.; W. B., £3 10s.; S. Miles, 9d.; L. Glen-Barber, 3d.; R. B., Chelsea, 1s.; A.C.A. Fines for Mistakes, 10s. 6d.; Lancashire Lass, 2s. 6d.; O. L. H., 9d.; S. W. J., £1; H. Duncan, 10s. 6d.; Sympathisers, W.U. Co., 5s.; S. Bartrum, £2 2s.; Messrs. Holland and Balfour, £1 1s.; Messrs. Lazarus Bros., £3 2s.; Col. H. Nepean, £1; Mrs. C. H. H. Campbell, £1 1s.; Anon., £1 1s.; Messrs. Turner and McDermott, £1 1s.; Major A. T. Weller, £1 10s.; Messrs. W. R. Snow and Co., £3; Henry Lotts, £3; Invalid, £5; Capt. E. J. Martin, £1 1s.; H. A. Fielden, £1 1s.; Anon., £2 2s.; J. Horricks, £1; A. J. Turvey, 10s.; J. B. C., 6d.; E. F. Williams, 9d.; Lancashire Friend, 1s. 6d.; Wilfred, 3s.

COLLECTED: Army Pay Corps, per S. Sergt. W. McCredy, £3 1s. 6d.; Umpos, per Q.-M. Sergt. H. Parsons, £3 16s.; Herbert Jordan, 5s.

Grand (P.W.) Total, £492 6s. 2d.

RESULT OF THE "LANGUAGE" COMPETITION.

A PENKNIFE has been sent to each of the following:
W. Brown, 24 Ashlone Road, Putney, S.W.; T. D. Morgan, 60 Storks Road, Bermondsey, S.E.; C. Thomas, 16 Taft Street, Pontypool; R. Emille, 28 Grove Street, Edinburgh; F. L. Hull, 60 Victoria Road N., Southsea; F. Hollingham, 4 Beaconsfield Road, Brighton; F. Colman, 33 Castle Street, Tiverton, Devon; B. Miller, 39 Beresford Road, Kingston-on-Thames; Miss L. Wellband, Offord Castle Farm, Sevenoaks; R. C. Webster, 16 Edgemoor Street, Hull; T. Bell, 20 Whitehouse Street, Hunslet, Leeds; G. Goldstone, 236 Strone Road, Manor Park, E.; W. Cartwright, 5 Casenove Road, Stamford Hill, N.; Miss E. Morrison, 51A Wellington Street, Felling-on-Tyne; Miss F. Denton, The Infirmary, Hampton, Evesham; P. J. Larkin, 15 Charleville Road, Philaboro, Dublin; D. F. Moyle, 3 Carlton Road, Stroud Green, N.; J. H. Dye, St. Paul's School, Brunswick Street, C-on-M, Manchester; C. Mackinnon, 26 Wightman Road, Harringay, N.; J. Pringle, care of Walker, 14 Pitt Street, Edinburgh; C. Ashton, 56 Seymour Street, Aberdare, South Wales; Miss A. Courtney, Sidner Villas, Havant, Hants; C. Fry, 14 Haverfield Gardens, Kew; W. Hall, 7 Mackintosh Place, Cardiff; S. Davies, Post Office, Farnborough.

£1,000 INSURANCE.

480 Claims already paid, including one of £1,000.

This Insurance holds good for any number of claims to the extent of £1,000—not for one only. £1,000 specially guaranteed by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to whom notice of claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address. Insurance held, applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland, issued under section 53 of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890.

will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets, and post-office officials in any of the railway sorting vans, and railway servants travelling with passengers or railway servants' tickets in an ordinary carriage), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

In the event of a person having the current number of *Pearson's Weekly* on him or her at the time of being killed by a railway accident in the United Kingdom, although not by an accident to any train in which he or she may be travelling as a passenger, the next-of-kin of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS whether the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., within seven days from the occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomsoever the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* may decide to be the next-of-kin of any cyclist who meets his death by an accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident had in his, or her, possession the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

Persons who have duly paid a twelve-month subscription to *Pearson's Weekly* in advance to their newsmen, or to the Post Office, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry it in their pocket. It is only necessary to forward the newsmen's receipt to the Corporation at the above address, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., and a claim will be paid in exchange.

The above conditions are of the essence of the contract. This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Rules No. 2 and 3.

The purchase of this Publication is admitted to be the payment of Premium under Sect. 53 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Signature

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